

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



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Schweppshire Post, 1952



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OF
**Schweppshire
Post**
SOCIAL PAGE

U S

Some of us will be breathing a sigh of relief now that to its close draws High Summer. What a month it has been for all of us. Dutiful at Lord's, wise at the Horse Show, and surprised, once again, in the Stewards' Enclosure, at the mad rush of Henley, belying the leafy peacefulness of the River—Death in the Afternoon! One longs, now, to relax in the friendlier, impromptu atmosphere of Goodwood and breathe the air, fresher of the sea, at Cowes. Yet how English it all is, how English we all are.

Deb's Diary

I arrived bright and early at the opening of the Schweppereilli show. Among men—yes, men—present were my friend Jock "Bingle" Bog-Boggs, and Tony Schwepp-Schweppingham, with whom I chatted.

Schweptuagenarian
SWIMS CHANNEL

Aunt of Peer's Secretary fed with Tonic Water and Gravy

SURPRISING INTERVIEW

When questioned, Mrs. Boss was understood to say that she "didn't enjoy it, feet very tired," and "needed strong spectacles for threading a needle". Lord Fairchild, interested in the race, said "Good going"

COMING OUT
in H.M.S. Schweppshire

Miss Fiona Iffield, seen enjoying herself by the floodlit ha-ha in the grounds

Charity Matinee

AT THE SCHWEMBASSY THEATRE
of Schwan House, is not the only one "just-out" present who can wear

INFORMAL EVENING
at Schwepstow Castle

a diamond tiara and take a tumble on skis with equal grace.

Well-known Dog Lovers to Wed

Sir Leonard Leg-Legge and his bride Miss Jones met through a mutual animal hobby. Yes, photographed below is her Uralian Setter, his Breton Half-shank Poodle.



ALPINE WEDDING



Johnny "Dalgardo" Phipps, once his hands are off the wheel of his Bentley, loves to scramble up the more fashionable peaks of the Piz Früenfrü. Guests applaud as his bride eagerly climbs Wedding Cake Mountain.

WAGNERIAN WEDDING



BLANKNESSE-FURTHERMORE. Lady Furthermore's younger daughter, keen horsewoman yet fond of books, plans a music career. Train-bearers, Wagnerianly attired, piquantly completed the "Ring" theme.

SOUTHWARD BOUND



Lady Bruce Wince Wincester, off to Schwischia



Miss Joan Crash, nineteenth cousin to the Earl of Schweppey, off to Schwischl



The Honorable Davina Crash, off to Aix-la-Schweppelle

Written by Stephen Potter. Drawn by Lewitt-Him

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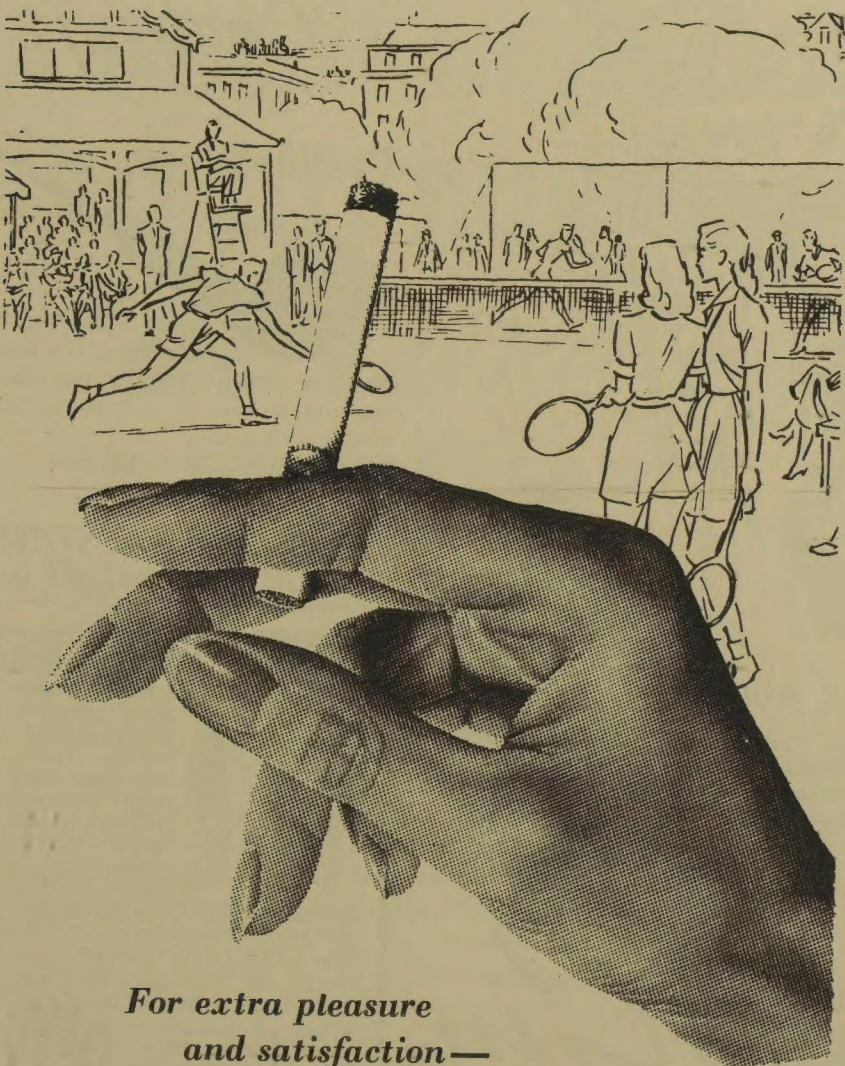
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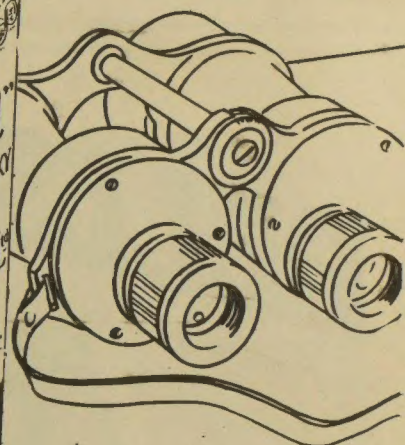
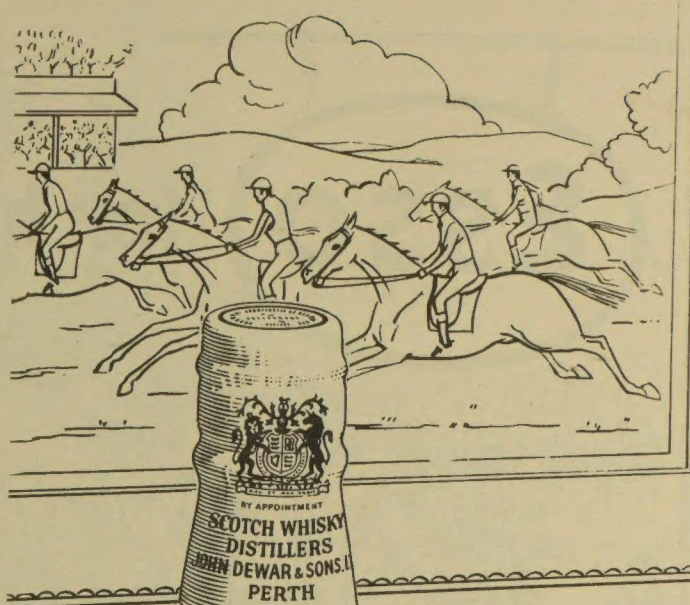
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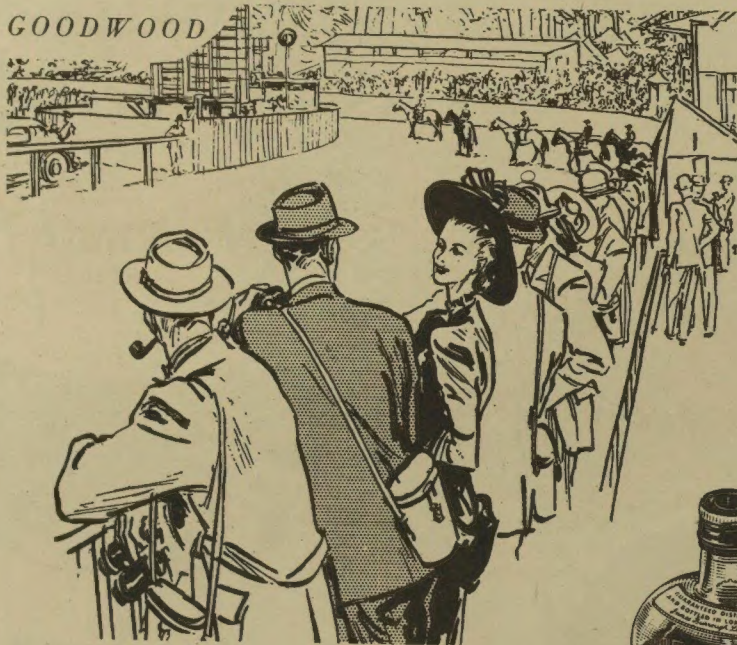
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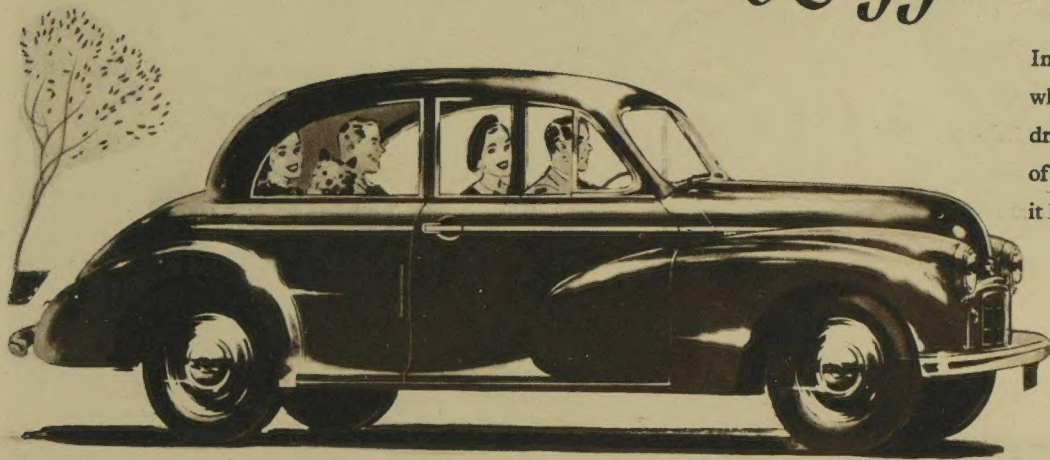
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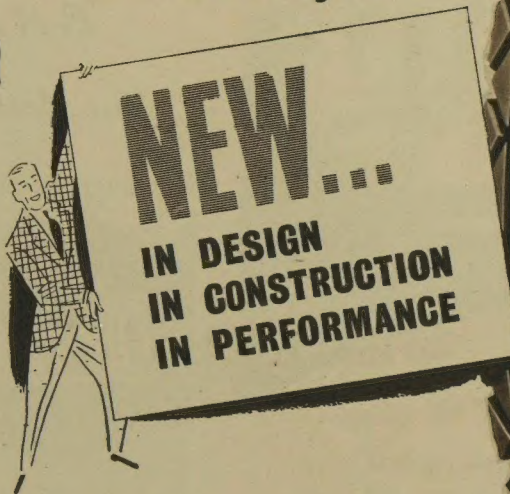
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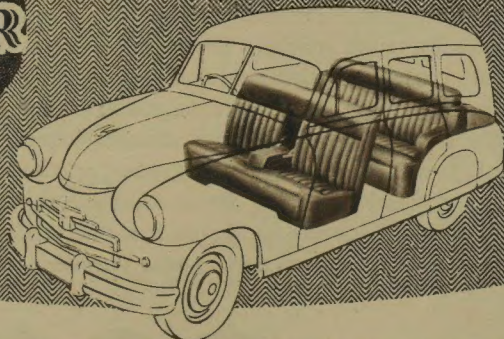


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SATURDAY, JULY 26, 1952.



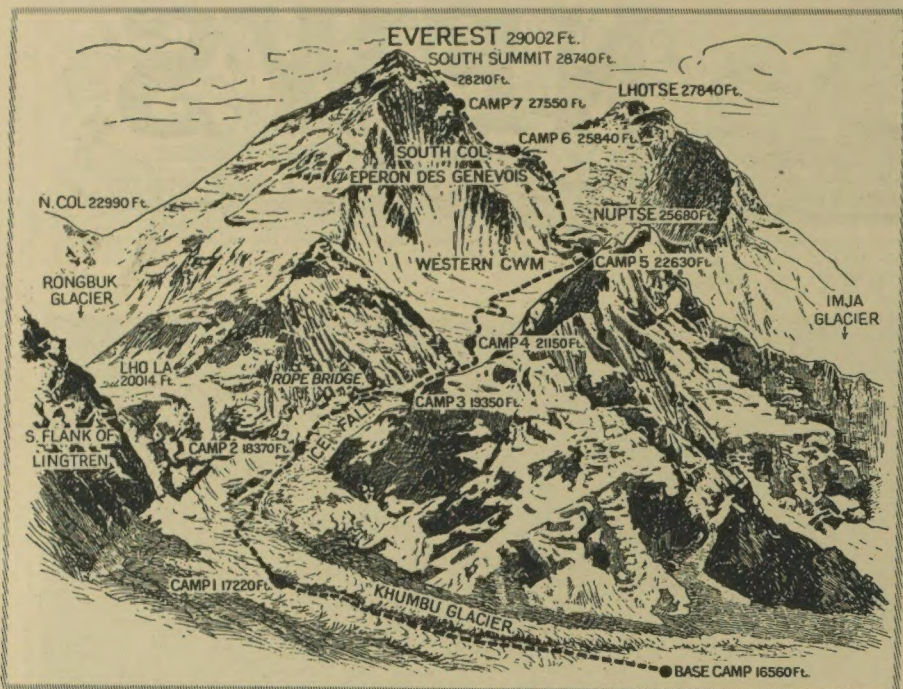
**STILL UNCONQUERED AND PRESENTING ITS CHALLENGE TO THE DARING, ENDURANCE AND INGENUITY OF MAN:
MOUNT EVEREST, SHOWING THE SOUTH PEAK FROM THE TOP OF EPERON DE GENEVOIS ABOVE THE SOUTH COL.**

It was announced recently that the Nepalese Government has given permission to the Swiss Expedition which last month made the attempt on Mount Everest to make a second attempt after the monsoon this year. Although Everest remains inviolate, still presenting its hazardous challenge to man, much has been learnt from the experiences of the recent expedition and valuable scientific data collected. Dr. Wyss-Dunant, leader of the Swiss Expedition, believes that

though the final slope of Everest offers no insuperable climbing difficulties—Raymond Lambert and the Sherpa Tensing climbed on May 28 to an altitude of 28,215 ft., a height that, so far as is known, has never been attained before—at present no climber can hope to reach the summit and return alive. He says: "We need some other equipment than the existing oxygen apparatus." Other photographs and a report of the Swiss attempt appear elsewhere.

Photograph and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."

UNCONQUERED EVEREST: THE STORY OF THE GALLANT SWISS ATTEMPT.



THE ROUTE UP EVEREST TAKEN BY THE SWISS EXPEDITION: A SKETCH-MAP SHOWING THE POSITION OF THE CAMPS AND INDICATING THE GREAT HEIGHT REACHED BY THE CLIMBERS IN THEIR GALLANT ATTEMPT TO REACH THE SUMMIT.

IN summing-up the results of the recent Swiss attempt on Everest, *The Times* Special Correspondent writes: "It was at once something of a triumph and a reminder of the limitations, in certain unusual circumstances, of the human frame . . . the two final assault groups were both robbed of complete success not by lack of courage or will-power, nor even by the mountain's physical difficulties in quite the ordinary sense of the words, but specifically by the curious reaction of the human body to the rarefied atmosphere of extreme altitudes. . . . Mental deterioration seems, if anything, more of a danger than physical weakness; a man's judgment is blunted by the rarefied atmosphere as it might be by strong drink, and he is liable to take decisions that in normal circumstances would be out of the question." René Dittert, leader of the Swiss assault groups, gave a vivid description of these reactions in a recent article in *The Times*. His party was the second to make an attempt upon the summit, and on their way from Camp V. to the South Col on May 29 they met Lambert and Tensing, with Flory and Aubert, returning from the upper slopes, and found they had reached the utmost limit of their endurance. Later the same day Dittert and his companions were themselves struggling desperately against the handicaps of altitude. They found that after 25,600 ft. resting did not help them to regain their powers, and each minute reduced their physical strength. "You must summon all your will-power, for each step becomes an effort, a torture." The Sherpas had to be constantly encouraged; "They were no longer the men of valour who had so distinguished themselves among the séracs of Khumbu and in the passage of the Western Cwm." After hours of agonising progress the climbers saw the two tents of Camp VI., left behind by Lambert's party on the South Col, 25,853 ft. above sea-level. The Sherpas, normally so self-controlled, threw themselves into the one tent which was still standing properly, and huddled together; it was only upon the sharp orders of Dittert that they emerged to help with the organisation of the camp. Although Dittert and his companions climbed no higher, their final venture was of particular value because they spent three nights on the South Col, thus proving that it is possible at least to live for considerable periods of time so near the summit of the mountain. The attempt to climb farther was abandoned on the third morning because the remaining Sherpas were neither willing nor able to make the assault, and because of an icy, violent and unabating wind. The descent, begun on May 31, proved even more exhausting than the climb; the fact that the party was able to accomplish it at all after so prolonged a stay at more than 25,800 ft. was probably due to a long period of acclimatisation in the formidable altitudes of the Western Cwm. Dittert is convinced that the attempt on Everest was largely defeated by the inadequacy of the oxygen equipment. The Swiss climbers have proved that a route to the summit from the south exists, dangerous and difficult though it is. They also seem to have made it clear that

[Continued above, right.]

[Continued.]

oxygen equipment in its present form cannot avail a climber trying to scale the very highest slopes of the mountain. Dittert writes: "To my mind, a height of somewhere between 28,300 ft. and 28,500 ft. represents a physiological limit. We do not know if men who climb higher than this will be able to return. To exceed this limit and achieve the summit of Everest some other kind of equipment is needed, enabling climbers to wait on the South Col, without losing their strength, for the right moment for the final assault; and allowing them also to climb completely independent towards the summit—that is to say, up to 29,000 ft." Dr. Wyss-Dunant, leader of the expedition, says: "I do not believe that with the technical aids we have at present the climber can be sufficiently protected against the risks of cold, of high wind, and of the difference in atmospheric pressure. We need some other equipment than the existing oxygen apparatus, which has been of great service, but which has not made a decisive contribution to the assault on the mountain." And, as *The Times* Special Correspondent writes, "Such new equipment, to counter the eerie hazards of life above 28,000 ft., must of course, be sufficiently light and self-contained for a man to carry it through the snows and rocks of utmost Everest." Dr. Wyss-Dunant says that lack of judgment during the assault could lead to catastrophe for future expeditions following the same route as the Swiss, and particularly during the passage of the South Col. The Swiss have proved, he adds, that the descent from the upper slopes is as fatiguing as the climb. At those heights of dreams and illusions, he asks, how can a climber judge the amount of energy remaining to him? Will he know the right time to turn back? How will he fare on the final, lifeless slopes of the mountain with his faculties of judgment blurred and dimmed? In *The Illustrated London News* of July 12 we published a series of drawings by our Special Artist, G. H. Davis, to illustrate some of the special factors which

[Continued below.]



WHERE RENÉ DITTERT AND HIS COMPANIONS SPENT THREE NIGHTS: CAMP VI, 25,853 FT. UP ON THE SOUTH COL, SHOWING NUPTSE (25,680 FT.) IN THE BACKGROUND.



RESTING AT CAMP V., 22,630 FT. UP: RENÉ DITTERT, LEADER OF THE ASSAULT GROUPS, WHOSE OWN PARTY WAS THE SECOND TO MAKE AN ATTEMPT UPON THE SUMMIT.

[Continued.]

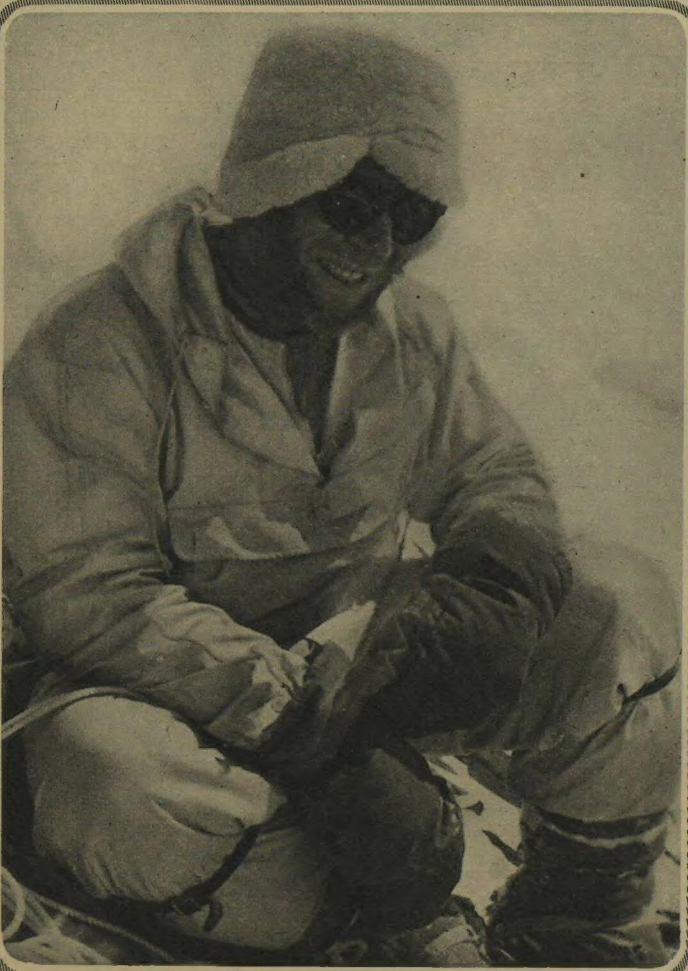
complicate really high-altitude mountaineering and increase the normal perils, together with some methods of meeting these difficulties. Our Artist showed the new breathing apparatus devised by Professor Finch—in which a rubber tube is held between the teeth and the intake and control of the oxygen are managed, almost automatically, by clenching and relaxing the teeth. The drawing also showed the new oxygen apparatus, weighing only 5 lb. (against the 40 lb. of the old apparatus), which has been produced by Mr. Peter Lloyd, of Farnborough, and which has been tested by the British Cho-Oyu expedition. It was reported from Geneva on July 15 that the oxygen difficulty had apparently been overcome, though no details were given, and that there was talk of an air survey to assist in the preparation of a new map of the entire region. Next year has been allotted to the British expedition to climb Everest, to be led by Mr. Eric Shipton.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."

UTMOST EVEREST: AT GRIPS WITH THE WORLD'S HIGHEST MOUNTAIN.

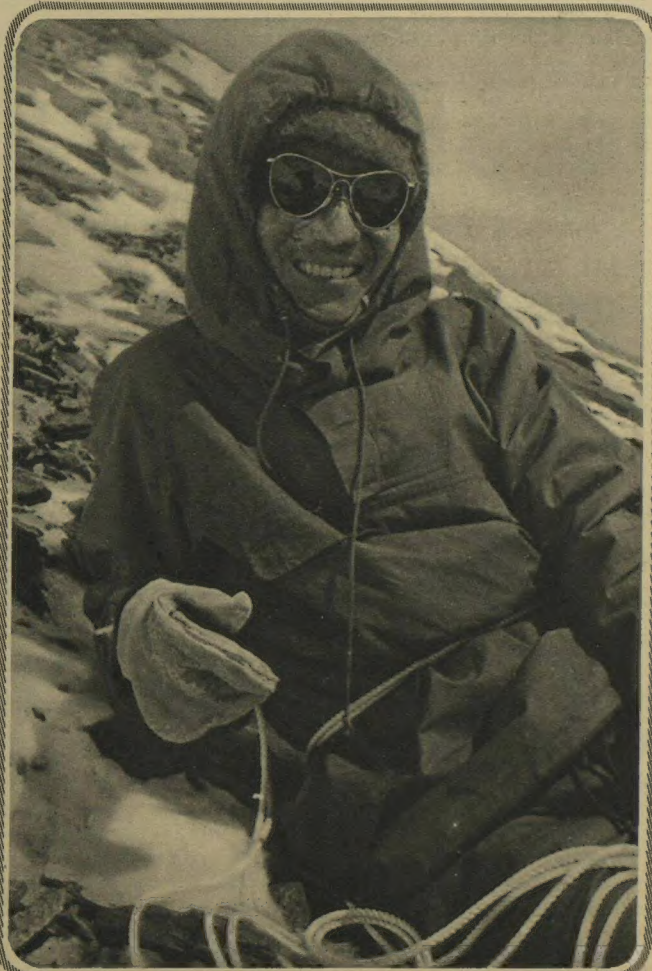


AT CAMP VII., 27,560 FT. UP: FLORY, TENSING AND AUBERT BEFORE THE SEPARATION WHEN LAMBERT AND TENSING CLIMBED HIGHER STILL AND AUBERT AND FLORY RETURNED TO CAMP VI. FLORY WRITES: "IT IS A MOVING MOMENT, THIS PARTING AT MORE THAN 27,500 FT."



THE MAN WHO REACHED AN ALTITUDE OF 28,215 FT., THE GREATEST HEIGHT EVER KNOWN TO HAVE BEEN ATTAINED ON EVEREST: RAYMOND LAMBERT, A SWISS ALPINE GUIDE, WHO HAS NO TOES.

THERE recently appeared in *The Times* a vivid dispatch by Raymond Lambert, the Swiss Alpine guide who, with the Sherpa Tensing, reached an altitude of 28,215 ft., a height that, so far as is known, has never been reached before. He writes that, on May 28, "We were near the last rocks before the final pyramid, but the weather was deteriorating and common sense urged us to turn back. We took a little more oxygen. But I can record that at 8600 metres (28,215 ft.) I was in good condition, except for a deceptively pleasant sense of well-being. When I stopped I felt magnificent. That is perhaps the most fateful moment at this altitude; everything seems to be going well, and at precisely that moment one fails. Tensing, too, had moments when his balance seemed uncertain. Happily, we always kept our heads; we were aware of our position and of what we were doing. The oxygen helped, but it was impossible to pump it in while moving, and when we stopped, its effect lasted about twenty minutes and then we relapsed. We decided to descend . . . we had to stop as often coming down as going up. . . . On June 2 we got safely back to the base camp, where eventually the whole expedition was reunited safe and sound."



THE MAN WHO, WITH LAMBERT, MADE THE FINAL ASSAULT ON EVEREST: THE SHERPA TENSING, WHO RETURNED HALF-DEAD WITH FATIGUE PHOTOGRAPHED AT THE SOUTH COL.

Photographs and excerpts by arrangement with "The Times."



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

I SEE that that very great man, Dr. Vaughan Williams, is reported by the Press as having complained that the British are artistic snobs. "We cannot believe that any artistic effort is good unless it comes from another country. This is called being broadminded; and the result is that we get all our painting from France, all our music from Germany, and our dances from America." And he might have added, thanks to the tireless efforts of the Dean of Canterbury and his more progressive sympathisers in the House of Commons, all our choicest fables and legends from Red China and the Soviet Union! For no one surely, since Hans Andersen, has given us anything so whimsical and full of fantasy as the story of North Korean children picking up fleas with chopsticks! If all imported foreign art was on this imaginative level, I suspect I should become a keen artistic snob myself, and a source, I suppose, of grief to Dr. Vaughan Williams.

Yet on the main issue I cannot help agreeing with him. Perhaps, in his modesty—for like all great artists he is a very modest man—he a little underestimates the esteem and regard with which his own work, so essentially English, is held by his countrymen. But, though this esteem is very high, it is not, in my opinion, half high enough. It must be nearly half a century since Dr. Vaughan Williams enriched our music and that of the world with his beautiful opera, "Hugh the Drover." Yet how often do British audiences get—or demand—the chance of hearing it, let alone of seeing it? What opera, say, of Puccini's, comes anywhere near it? Or how, for instance, does Coleridge Taylor's "Hiawatha," sung at one time or another by every choral society in the country, compare with it? For even such works as these, which are *vieux jeux* and, as forms of artistic snobbery, utterly outmoded to-day, are far better known to living British audiences than our own great composer's work. As for modern foreign variants of no greater permanent merit, however intellectually fashionable at the moment, the B.B.C.'s Third Programme is full of them. Yet Vaughan Williams' unassuming but exquisite Cotswold opera stands by natural right with the operas of Mozart and Handel, of Glück and Wagner, of the great seventeenth-century Italians and our own Purcell. Once or twice in recent years—and one is very grateful for it—the B.B.C. has given us an opportunity of hearing this noble masterpiece. Each time that it has done so I have found myself deeply moved. For it is an interpretation by a supreme artist of the musical heritage of the English people—a heritage of culture, however deafly ignored by later generations, as great as that which, in a different medium, created the English mediæval cathedral, the English tithe-barn and village, and, in another medium again, the plays of Shakespeare. Not even ancient Greece produced a national culture so varied, so subtle and so profound as that of our little rustic island between the twelfth and nineteenth centuries. To ignore that culture is not only "artistic snobbery"; it is unnatural and unfilial barbarism. Ralph Vaughan Williams has not ignored it and, in his rediscovery and comprehension of it, has been inspired to write music which, however underestimated by many of his own countrymen and contemporaries, will take its place among the great, enduring art of all time.

Therefore, when he complains, as in this reported speech, that while a foreign composer making an utterance on his own country's folk music was invariably treated with respect, an English composer speaking on the same subject was contemptuously dismissed by intellectuals as "folky," I agree with him profoundly. "I am proud," he says, "to be called

"folky." He and other British composers like Holst, Butterworth and Peter Warlock—the writer of some of the loveliest songs ever written—have been the preservers and interpreters of something of which Englishmen should be as proud as they are of Trafalgar or the Commonwealth of Australia. What is the reason for the neglect, and even—in the more glaring examples of stupidity—of the contempt shown by British so-called intellectuals for their country's spiritual and artistic heritage? Leaving aside the late Lord Baldwin's remark—made in the days before, in the stern self-discipline of party leadership, he had learnt to curb his wit—that the word *intelligentsia* bears the same relation to intellect that the word *gent* bears to gentleman, there is, I think, an explanation. It lies in the narrowness of the base of modern British culture. The Industrial Revolution, and the socially destructive way in which it was so unhappily allowed to develop, deprived the great mass of the British people—up to the beginning of the nineteenth century, the most highly cultured of any in the world—of their traditional arts and artistic pleasures. The memoirs of that early working-class Radical leader, Samuel Bamford, or the pages of Bewick's autobiography reveal—like a hundred other books of the time—the extent and depth of what was lost. Within two generations that popular culture—the culture which, by and large, had produced Shakespeare and Keats, Blake and Bunyan, Gainsborough and Hogarth, and the wonderful wealth of anonymous building, craftsmanship, ballad poetry and folk music that still survives in books, in museums and in our now fast-decaying villages and county towns—had been uprooted. Instead of poetry, music and the other arts resting on a broad basis of popular support and understanding, they became the preserve of a small minority of well-to-do folk and of the professional artists who administered to their tastes. The resultant decay of sound and common-sense standards, by which art, like every other human activity, must be judged, was gradual but inevitable. A hundred and fifty years ago, though only a few, then as now, could instinctively recognise genius, scarcely anyone would have supposed Picasso to be a better artist than Hogarth or James Joyce than Milton. In an age of craftsmen the standards of craftsmanship are respected. A society in which no one is a craftsman is one in which the counterfeit and the real compete on equal terms. Indeed, they compete—to the disadvantage of the latter—on unequal terms, for the true artist, absorbed in creation, has no time for showmanship. Societies which are not founded on a broad national culture and craftsmanship are the natural prey of the showman.

Yet there are signs that the wheel is coming full circle and that the processes, which a century ago destroyed popular culture in this country, may before long create another. Despite the abuses and often degrading influences of the cheap commercial cinema and Press, the mechanical means of simultaneously transmitting ideas, images and knowledge to vast multitudes have placed in the hands of educators and artists a wonderful medium for making truth and beauty prevail. Hundreds of thousands, even millions, of children in the past quarter of a century have been



THE BRITISH MUSICIAN WHO IS COMPOSING THE CORONATION OPERA, "ELIZABETH AND ESSEX": MR. BENJAMIN BRITTEN.

Mr. Benjamin Britten is a contemporary British composer whose reputation stands equally high at home and abroad. Born in 1913, he has composed the operas "Peter Grimes," "The Rape of Lucretia," "Albert Herring" and "Billy Budd," and much orchestral, vocal and chamber music. It was recently announced that the Queen had given permission for Mr. Britten to write a special opera to mark the occasion of her Coronation. The libretto based on the story of Elizabeth and Essex will be by Mr. William Plomer, and the opera is to be produced at the Royal Opera House, Covent Garden, next summer.

made familiar through the B.B.C. with the great heritage of national folk music that men like Geoffrey Shaw and Francis Collinson have laboriously collected—just in time—from the obscure survivors of the last generation to remember them. And hundreds of thousands have heard, too, through the same medium, the masterpieces that great composers like Vaughan Williams have been inspired by them to create. It will take time before the full results of that re-education in our lost heritage begins to be felt, but I am confident that they will be felt. The man who wrote "Hugh the Drover" is as certain of immortality as the man who built the tower of Chipping Campden Church. Both will live on, like the inspiration that taught them to create such masterpieces, in the hearts of unborn millions.



MR. FRANCIS COLLINSON (LEFT), WHOSE COLLECTIONS AND ARRANGEMENTS OF FOLK SONGS HAVE LONG BEEN A FEATURE OF THE B.B.C. "COUNTRY MAGAZINE"; WITH MR. WYNFORD REYNOLDS.

Dr. Arthur Bryant, writing of Dr. Vaughan Williams' accusations of "artistic snobbery" on the part of the British, who prefer foreign music and art to expressions of British talent, reluctantly agrees with him on the main issue; but takes comfort from the fact that "Hundreds of thousands, even millions, of children in the past quarter of a century have been made familiar through the B.B.C. with the great heritage of national folk music that men like Geoffrey Shaw and Francis Collinson have laboriously collected—just in time—from the obscure survivors of the last generation to remember them." Our photograph shows Mr. Collinson with Mr. Wynford Reynolds, leader of the sextet which provided the music for an anniversary programme for "Country Magazine."



THE DOYEN OF BRITISH MUSIC, WHO ACCUSES US OF "ARTISTIC SNOBBERY": DR. RALPH VAUGHAN WILLIAMS, O.M.,
THE CELEBRATED COMPOSER, WHO WILL REACH THE AGE OF EIGHTY NEXT OCTOBER.

On our facing page Dr. Arthur Bryant refers to the recent speech made by Dr. Ralph Vaughan Williams, our great veteran British musician, at the International Folk Music Council in London, in which he said: "We English are first-rate artistic snobs; we cannot believe that any artistic effort is good unless it comes from another country . . . we get all our painting from France, all our music from Germany, and all our dances from America." Dr. Vaughan Williams, who was born in October, 1872, has, throughout his long and brilliant career, done his best to combat what he considers to be a national failing, for although he studied with Bruch in Germany and with Ravel in France, he owes little or

nothing to either. His genius is individual and national, and he has always made use of English folk music in his compositions. He began to study it in 1901 after taking his D.Mus. degree; and joined the English Folk Song Society, of which he is now President, in 1904. Dr. Vaughan Williams' first important work for Choir and Orchestra, "Toward the Unknown Region," was produced at the Leeds Festival in 1907; and his "morality" opera, "The Pilgrim's Progress," dates from 1951. His opera "Hugh the Drover" was produced in London in 1924 and has been since performed in many cities on many occasions; and he has composed much fine choral, orchestral and chamber music; and many songs.

Exclusive portrait study by Karsh of Ottawa.

GERMAN ONCE MORE, AND NO LONGER A BOMB-PRACTICE TARGET: HELIGOLAND, THE DEVASTATED ISLE, STIRS AGAIN.

HELIGOLAND is an island lying off the mouths of the Elbe and the Weser which has suffered many vicissitudes on account of its strategic position. It was a Danish possession until 1807, when it was taken by a British force; and in 1814 ceded to this country. It remained British until 1890, when it was ceded to Germany in exchange for German recognition of British interests in Zanzibar and Pemba; and in 1892 became part of the province of Schleswig-Holstein. During the 1914-18 war it was fortified and used as a submarine depot. Between the wars it became a German holiday resort and, as recalled

(Continued below.)



ONCE A FAVOURITE GERMAN SUMMER HOLIDAY RESORT: HELIGOLAND, WHICH WAS DEVASTATED AS THE RESULT OF USE



BY THE R.A.F. AND UNITED STATES AIR FORCE AS A BOMBING-PRACTICE TARGET, AND HAS NOW BEEN RETURNED TO THE GERMAN FEDERAL REPUBLIC. A VIEW OF THE COAST.



HOSTED 'DAIRY' ON HELIGOLAND—AS A SYMBOL THAT RECONSTRUCTION WORK HAS STARTED AND THAT HOPE HAS COME AGAIN—THE GREEN-AND-WHITE-ISLAND FLAG.



OVERGROWN WITH FRODIGAL NATURE'S GREEN-MANTLE OF GRASS AND WILD FLOWERS: A VIEW OF THE DEVASTATED CHURCHYARD, WITH RUINS IN THE BACKGROUND.



OFF TO SWIM IN THE SEA WITHIN SIGHT OF YEARS: GERMAN CHILDREN KUSHING DOWN TO AND THE LIGHTHOUSE SHOWN IN THE PHOTOGRAPH



HELIGOLAND FOR THE FIRST TIME FOR THIRTEEN YEARS: HELIGOLAND IS IN THE BACKGROUND; BELOW CAN BE CLEARLY DISTINGUISHED.



CARRYING WATER IN THE CONTAINER ON THE LEFT, AND WITH LOAVES OF BREAD AND A BAG OF MAIL ON THE RIGHT: A MESSENGER BRINGING SUPPLIES TO HELIGOLAND.



AN ALLEGORY OF WAR, DEATH AND SPRINGING LIFE AND BEAUTY: TULIPS WHICH HAVE GROWN THROUGH THE HOLES IN A DERELICT GERMAN HELMET AMID RUINS.



HELIGOLAND—REDUCED TO SOMETHING RESEMBLING A LANDSCAPE OF THE MOON BY BOMBING PRACTICE: A PANORAMA, SHOWING THE REMAINS OF A ONCE CHARMING TOWN.

(Continued.)

In our issue of April 15, 1950, a marine biological laboratory was built and a migratory bird-marking station established. When Hitler came to power, Heligoland was once more fortified, and when World War II broke out, the civilian population was evacuated. It suffered from bombing and, by 1945, was

derelict. Allied aircraft then used it as a practice bombing-range. The Germans made protests and, as recorded in our issue of January 6, 1951, demonstrations were staged by squatters, who had to be deported. Heligoland was returned to the Federal German Republic on March 1, 1952, and members of the Federal



AND THE LIGHTHOUSE, NOW IN SERVICE. THE SPIT OF SAND ON THE EXTREME RIGHT IS THAT FROM WHICH THE BOYS AND GIRLS ARE SHOWN RUNNING DOWN TO BATHE.

German and Provincial Governments attended a ceremony during which the flags of the Federal Republic, of Schleswig-Holstein and of Heligoland itself were run up. Reconstruction has begun, but it is a major undertaking which will take five years and cost over 70,000,000 marks. The 2500 Heligolanders scattered

over Germany eventually hope to return. The island is littered with explosives, and the only people who have been occupying it are 200 workmen. There is no fresh water, no electric light, and all supplies have to be brought by sea from Cuxhaven. German children have recently been allowed to swim near Heligoland again.

THREE ATOMIC SCIENTISTS AND THEIR BETRAYALS.

"THE TRAITORS. THE DOUBLE LIFE OF FUCHS, PONTECORVO AND NUNN MAY." By ALAN MOOREHEAD.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. MOOREHEAD, known already as a talented war correspondent and historian of the North African campaign, has now turned his attention to three "atom scientists" of whom two have been proved, and one is suspected, of having worked inside our "top-secret" atomic-research organisation and handed over their results to our "Russian Allies," as they were, or as they are now, our Russian fellow-members of U.N.O., who are supplying aeroplanes to the people in Korea who are killing U.N.O. troops. With his usual narrative skill he tells the stories of their open and their secret lives, with a full appreciation of their melodramatic comings and goings and encounters with what I should be technically interested in calling "enemy agents." And he does his best to understand the workings of their minds.

The men, though they have in common the breaking of a pledged word and a knowledge of nuclear physics, are otherwise of very different kinds. Nunn May was a "straight" traitor: an Englishman born and bred, with his ancestors lying in English churchyards, who chose to pass uranium secrets to the Russians, because he had his own private judgment about the running of the world. The judge condemning him said: "I have listened with some slight surprise to some of the things which your learned Counsel has said he is entitled to put before me: the picture of you as a man of honour who had done only what you believed to be right. I do not take that view of you at all. How any man in your position could have had the crass conceit, let alone the wickedness, to arrogate to himself the decision of a matter of this sort, when you yourself had given your written undertaking not to do it and knew it was one of the country's most precious secrets, when you yourself had drawn and were drawing pay for years to keep your own bargain with your country—that you could have done this is a dreadful thing. I think you acted not as an honourable but as a dishonourable man. I think you acted with degradation." May's own observation was: "The whole affair was extremely painful to me and I only embarked on it because I felt this was a contribution I could make to the safety of mankind." He was sentenced to ten years. A deputation of Scientific Workers, led by the late Professor Laski, waited upon the Home Secretary begging for a reduction of his sentence. This was refused. But good behaviour will earn him a reduction, and he will probably emerge from prison at the end of this year or early in 1953. Fuchs had no very high opinion of him as a scientist.

Pontecorvo was a very different sort of man from the other two. In person May and Fuchs were the sort of plain, morose, spectacled scientists whom every healthy man who has been at a university has known by sight and avoided. But Pontecorvo, very good-looking, a champion lawn-tennis player, and the life and soul of all the jolly atomic cocktail parties at Harwell, was charming and popular. An Italian citizen (i.e., enemy alien) by birth, he was, by race, a Jew, and by temperament one of those nomadic Jews who are equally at home everywhere and are willing to take out naturalisation papers in any country which whim or convenience may suggest. As a scientific man he seems to have been a lightweight with brilliant flashes. But as for his "treachery" we know little about it. With the other two we have glimpses of secret meetings in street or public house, signs and passwords and the carrying of significant

parcels. But Pontecorvo, leaving plenty of money behind him, went off from Harwell to Italy for a holiday with his family, encountered certain Communist relations, suddenly went to Sweden and Finland and then vanished—it is presumed behind the Iron Curtain. He certainly doesn't seem the sort of person who would enjoy himself behind the Iron Curtain: nor does he seem (though sufficiently pleased with

to him—he himself had approached them first and had offered to pass information."

The story of his contacts, both in America and here, is full of colour of the Phillips Oppenheim kind. "Precise instructions were then given him by the woman for making contact again with the Russians in New York. He was to go to a street corner on the lower East Side on a Saturday carrying a tennis ball in his hand. There he would see a man carrying a book with a green binding, and wearing gloves, with an additional pair of gloves in his hand. This man would be known to him as 'Raymond.' (It was actually Harry Gold, who was arrested in 1950 and is now serving a sentence of thirty years in the United States.) The two men would then take a taxi to a restaurant on lower Third Avenue, where Fuchs would hand over his information and arrangements would be made for their future meetings."

That sort of episode in the history of Nunn May would have meant no more than the passing over of a fragment of uranium or information. Fuchs was another matter. What he managed to pass over in the end was a precise account of how the Atom Bomb was made, thereby saving the Russians a great waste of time in experiment. An American Joint Congressional Committee stated last year: "It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Fuchs alone has influenced the safety of more people and accomplished greater damage than any other spy, not only in the history of the United States, but in the history of nations. This is not to imply that Russia could never have broken the American atomic monopoly through her own unaided labours. But if, for example, the United States had known early in World War II what Russia learned by the end of 1945 through espionage, it appears likely that our own project would to-day be at least eighteen months ahead of its actual level of development."

Fuchs is now in Stafford Gaol: "something of a celebrity among the other prisoners, but in no substantial way differing from them as far as his privileges and treatment go. He is sewing canvas mailbags. He corresponds less and less with his friends as he sinks back into a world where there is no free will and where the conscience is supplanted by steel bars. He is liked among the other prisoners. Those who have emerged from gaol speak of his quietness and of his generosity in sharing his cigarettes. If he earns the maximum remission of sentence for good conduct—and it seems likely that he will—his release will take place about 1960."

Better to let him out now and parachute him over the lines in Korea. He mightn't find any mailbags to sew there, but he could make himself useful by going out into the fields and picking up infected insects with chopsticks.

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 156 of this issue.



MR. ALAN MOOREHEAD, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Mr. Alan Moorehead was born in 1910 and educated at the Scotch College, Melbourne, and Melbourne University. He was on the staff of the *Melbourne Herald*, 1930-35; foreign correspondent for the *Daily Express* in Spain, France, Italy, and the Balkans, 1936-39; and War Correspondent in the Middle East, India, North Africa, Italy, France and Germany during World War II. He has been Public Relations Officer at the Ministry of Defence since 1950. He is the author of "The End in Africa," "Montgomery," etc.



"IT IS HARDLY AN EXAGGERATION TO SAY THAT FUCHS ALONE HAS INFLUENCED THE SAFETY OF MORE PEOPLE AND ACCOMPLISHED GREATER DAMAGE THAN ANY OTHER SPY, NOT ONLY IN THE HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES, BUT IN THE HISTORY OF NATIONS": DR. KLAUS FUCHS, WHO IS SERVING A PRISON SENTENCE AT STAFFORD GAOL, AND WHO WILL PROBABLY BE RELEASED IN ABOUT 1960.

himself, like many charmers) one of those vain people (usually getting their own back on a society which won't recognise their vast superiority) who think that it lies with them to decide the direction which the world's history will take. Assuming that he *did* go over to the Russians, all sorts of conjectures as to his reasons are possible. It might be, for example, that he had been a Russian agent all the time he was here and that he was informed by Russian agents in Italy that if he didn't go to Russia to make himself more useful his activities in this country would be disclosed and he would land up in an English gaol. But proof is lacking, and it is better not to guess.

Fuchs is quite another matter. He was a young German who had got into trouble with the Nazis and took refuge here. He was not a Jew but a German by race. The Communists in Moscow were the enemies of the Nazis, so he determined to assist the Russians. It

might have occurred to his sponsors here that a man who would put party before country in the country of his birth (it is quite possible for a man in necessary exile to remain utterly loyal to his Fatherland) might do the same thing in the country of his adoption. This surly little man, with the genius for calculation, took, on August 7, 1942, the oath of allegiance: "I, Emil Julius Klaus Fuchs, swear by Almighty God that I will be faithful and bear true allegiance to His Majesty King George the Sixth, His Heirs and Successors, according to law." When he took that oath, says Mr. Moorehead, "Fuchs was in active and regular contact with a Russian agent. He established that contact very soon after he arrived in Birmingham in 1941, and it was not the Russians who had come



"A 'STRAIGHT' TRAITOR: AN ENGLISHMAN BORN AND BRED, WITH HIS ANCESTORS LYING IN ENGLISH CHURCHYARDS, WHO CHOSE TO PASS URANIUM SECRETS TO THE RUSSIANS, BECAUSE HE HAD HIS OWN PRIVATE JUDGMENT ABOUT THE RUNNING OF THE WORLD": DR. ALLAN NUNN MAY, WHO, WITH REMISSION FOR GOOD CONDUCT, WILL PROBABLY EMERGE FROM PRISON AT THE END OF THIS YEAR OR EARLY IN 1953.



"IT IS ALMOST IMPOSSIBLE TO BELIEVE THAT THEY (PONTECORVO AND HIS WIFE AND CHILDREN) HAVE NOT GONE TO RUSSIA": DR. BRUNO PONTECORVO, A CHARMING, GOOD-LOOKING MAN WHO WAS WELL LIKED AT HARWELL, AND WHO SIMPLY VANISHED WITHOUT A WORD.

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Traitors," by courtesy of the publisher, Hamish Hamilton.

* "The Traitors. The Double Life of Fuchs, Pontecorvo and Nunn May." By Alan Moorehead. Illustrated. (Hamish Hamilton; 12s. 6d.)

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ROYALTY ON RECENT OFFICIAL OCCASIONS.



THE QUEEN'S VISIT TO ADEYFIELD, ONE OF THE NEW "NEIGHBOURHOODS" TO BE DEVELOPED AT THE NEW TOWN OF HEMEL HEMPSTEAD: HER MAJESTY TALKING TO RESIDENTS.

Her Majesty the Queen on July 20 visited Hemel Hempstead, and laid the foundation-stone of St. Barnabas Church, Adeyfield, one of the new "neighbourhoods" to be developed at the new town. The Bishop of St. Albans, who had been presented to her Majesty by her uncle, the Hon. David Bowes-Lyon, Lord-Lieutenant of Hertfordshire, conducted a short service, and the Queen made the first entries in the church



WITH THE BISHOP OF ST. ALBANS (RIGHT): THE QUEEN, AFTER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF ST. BARNABAS CHURCH, ADEYFIELD, SIGNING THE VISITORS' BOOK.

register and the Visitors' Book. A tour of the new town followed, and the Queen spoke to a number of residents and visited one of the houses. The occasion was the first visit of a reigning sovereign to Hemel Hempstead since Henry VIII. went there. In the evening the Queen attended evening service in St. Albans Cathedral, her visit being in honour of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the diocese.



LEAVING THE EXHIBITION OF ANTIQUE DOLLS IN AID OF THE BRITISH RED CROSS: HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY.

Her Majesty Queen Mary on July 17 visited an interesting exhibition of 250 antique dolls, mechanical toys and miniature pieces at 170, Church Street, in aid of the British Red Cross, and spent some time examining the exhibits. The display is due to close to-day, July 26.



QUEEN JULIANA OF THE NETHERLANDS IN GOUDA: A GENERAL VIEW AS HER MAJESTY ENTERED THE RESTORED TOWN HALL.

Queen Juliana of the Netherlands has recently been touring the provinces of South Holland. She went to Gouda—known in this country for the cheese to which it has given its name—to open the recently restored Town Hall, and received an enthusiastic reception, large crowds assembling at every point to catch a glimpse of her. When she visited Oudewater during the tour, she inspected the old weighing-house and tried out her weight on the old balance; an operation watched by civic authorities and officials.



THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS AT OUDEWATER: HER MAJESTY BEING WEIGHED ON AN OLD BALANCE.

When she visited Oudewater during the tour, she inspected the old weighing-house and tried out her weight on the old balance; an operation watched by civic authorities and officials.



QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER IN SOUTH-WEST LONDON: HER MAJESTY INSPECTING A GARDEN IN DORTON ROAD.

Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother on July 17 toured gardens in south-west London in connection with the London Gardens Society. Her Majesty visited the small garden on a Tooting housing estate which has, for the fifth year in succession, taken a first prize; and later took tea in a prefabricated house.



THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IN NORWAY: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WITH THE KING OF NORWAY INSPECTING THE GUARD OF HONOUR AT FORNEBU.

The Duke of Edinburgh arrived in Norway on July 18. He landed at Gardermoen airfield and went on to Fornebu by a N.A.T.O. staff aircraft, where he was met by King Haakon. After fulfilling a number of official engagements in Norway, he went on to Sweden on July 20 in the Trinity House yacht *Patricia*.

MATTERS MARITIME: NEW ATLANTIC LINERS, NEW WARSHIPS, AND A DISASTER.



FLYING A 40-FT. BLUE RIBAND FROM HER RADAR MAST: THE *UNITED STATES* AT HER PIER IN NEW YORK HARBOUR AFTER HER TWO-WAY RECORD ATLANTIC CROSSING.

The liner *United States*, which, as recorded in our issue of July 19, broke the west to east Atlantic crossing record by 10 hrs. and 2 mins., arrived back in New York Harbour on July 15, having made the east to west crossing in 3 days 12 hrs. 12 mins. at an average speed of 34.51 knots.



A NEW FRENCH TRANSATLANTIC LINER: THE *S.S. FLANDRE* LEAVING DUNKIRK FOR HER HOME PORT, LE HAVRE, IN PREPARATION FOR HER MAIDEN VOYAGE ON JULY 23. Our photograph shows the new French transatlantic liner *Flandre*, which was due to sail from Le Havre on her maiden voyage to New York via Southampton on July 23. This 20,000-ton liner will join the *Liberté* and *Ile de France* on the transatlantic service and run to a similar schedule—making the crossing in six days.



THE ANTI-SUBMARINE SUBMARINE: A VIEW OF THE U.S. NAVY'S *K-1*, WHICH IS DESIGNED TO DESTROY ENEMY SUBMARINES WHILE BOTH ARE SUBMERGED.

The *K-1*, the United States Navy's new anti-submarine submarine, recently made its first appearance at the Naval Gun Factory. This odd-looking blunt-nosed craft carries five officers and forty-two men, and is designed to seek out and destroy enemy submarines while both are submerged.



TO BE THE LARGEST WARSHIP IN THE WORLD: THE KEEL PLATE OF THE 60,000-TON U.S. AIRCRAFT CARRIER *FORRESTAL* BEING LAID AT NEWPORT NEWS, VIRGINIA.

On July 14 the keel plate of the new U.S. aircraft carrier *Forrestal* was laid at Newport News, Virginia. *Forrestal* will be the largest warship in the world when completed, and should be ready late in 1954. The carrier will be 1040 ft. long by 252 ft. wide, and her speed is expected to be in excess of 33 knots.



BEFORE SHE BECAME A BLAZING INFERNO OFF LONG ISLAND: THE 5000-TON FREIGHTER *BLACK GULL*, SHOWING HER SUPERSTRUCTURE, WHICH WAS DESTROYED BY FIRE IN A DISASTER WHICH COST FOUR LIVES.



AS SEEN FROM A COAST GUARD AIRCRAFT AFTER HER CREW AND PASSENGERS HAD BEEN PICKED UP: THE BLAZING HULL OF THE NORWEGIAN FREIGHTER *BLACK GULL*. Shortly before midnight on July 18 the 5000-ton Norwegian freighter *Black Gull*, carrying a cargo of naphthalene and castor oil, burst into flames when 65 miles off Long Island. Nine passengers and thirty-five members of the crew were picked up by the Swedish liner *Gripsholm*, but four members of the crew were missing. A tug took the *Black Gull* in tow and reported that though the superstructure had collapsed, the hull plates under water were still sound.

THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW RUBBER LIFE-RAFT.



DROPPED BY HELICOPTER TO "SURVIVORS" STRUGGLING IN THE SEA: A NEW RUBBER LIFE-RAFT, WHICH INFLATES IN 30 SECONDS, DEMONSTRATED IN THE UNITED STATES.



CLAMBERING ABOARD TO GET UNDER THE PROTECTIVE CANOPY OF THE U.S. NAVY'S NEW RUBBER LIFE-RAFT: "SURVIVORS" WHO GAVE A DEMONSTRATION RECENTLY.



SAFELY ASHORE: "SURVIVORS" CARRYING THE 230-LB. RUBBER LIFE-RAFT AFTER THE DEMONSTRATION BY THE U.S. NAVY AND THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY.

A new rubber life-raft was demonstrated at the U.S. Naval Air Station at Floyd Bennett Field on July 16. The rubber raft inflated itself in half a minute after it had been dropped to "survivors" by a Coast Guard helicopter. The raft, which is 15½ ft. long and 7½ ft. wide, provides protection at an even temperature for fifteen survivors in either sub-zero or blistering tropical weather. The comfortable temperature inside is maintained by dead-air space insulation in the canopy and floor liner, which holds the heat from the bodies of the occupants. In warm climates the floor liner can be removed and towed as an additional raft. After the "rescued" men had clambered aboard the raft and paddled to shore, they demonstrated the ease with which the raft, which only weighs 230 lb., can be carried. The demonstration was held by the U.S. Navy and the B. F. Goodrich Company.

AT ASCOT: TULYAR SETS THE SEAL ON HIS FAME.

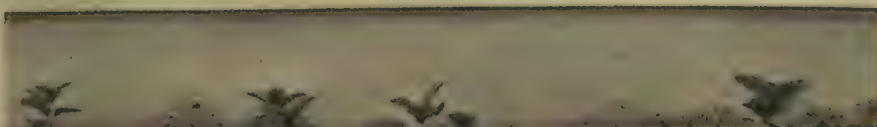
Tulyar, the Derby winner, set the seal on his fame by winning the King George VI. and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot on July 19. He is unbeaten this season and it was his sixth successive victory; and with £60,596 won in prize money he has established a record for Britain. Until July 19, *Isinglass*, the Derby winner of 1893, held pride of place with £57,455. In beautiful weather, the crowd packed the paddock to see the celebrated Continental horses. There was some delay at the gate, where *Mât de Cocagne*, a French horse with a reputation for aggressiveness, executed a wild dash while being persuaded to turn round, and kicked *Zucchero* in the process. There was an exciting finish to the race, which *Tulyar*, ridden by C. Smirke, won by a neck from *Gay Time*, ridden by Lester Piggott, with the French *Worden II.* in third place. Aly Khan led in the winner, which belongs to his father the Aga Khan. The latter, not for nothing, had made the journey to watch the race, against the advice of his doctors.



UNBEATEN IN HIS SIX RACES THIS YEAR AND WINNER OF £60,596 IN PRIZE MONEY: TULYAR (BY TEHRAN—NEOCRACY) OWNED BY THE AGA KHAN.



THE FINISH OF THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES: TULYAR, RIDDEN BY C. SMIRKE, WINNING, WITH GAY TIME (SECOND) AND WORDEN II. (THIRD).



AT ASCOT, WHERE SHE SAW TULYAR WINNING THE KING GEORGE VI. AND QUEEN ELIZABETH STAKES: H.M. THE QUEEN POINTING OUT AN INCIDENT ON THE RACECOURSE.

PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



GREETING TEACHERS FROM THE UNITED STATES: QUEEN ELIZABETH THE QUEEN MOTHER AT A GARDEN PARTY AT LAMBETH PALACE AT WHICH TWO HUNDRED MEN AND WOMEN TEACHERS WERE PRESENT.

On July 16 Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother attended a garden party at Lambeth Palace which was given by the League of the British Commonwealth and Empire and the British Committee of the Interchange of Teachers between the United Kingdom and the United States. The Queen Mother was received by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher. Two hundred teachers—half of them from the Dominions and half from America—were present. They are returning to their own countries after teaching in Britain.



SIR HUGH CAIRNS.

Died in the Radcliffe Infirmary, Oxford, where he had performed some of his most brilliant operations, on July 18, aged fifty-six. One of the world's leading brain surgeons, he had been Nuffield Professor of Surgery in the University of Oxford since 1937. Sir Hugh Cairns was an Australian and was educated in Adelaide and came to Balliol College, Oxford, as a Rhodes Scholar. During World War II, he did valuable work as consultant neuro-surgeon to the Army.



TALKING TO MEN OF THE SUFFOLK REGIMENT RESTING AFTER THE SUCCESSFUL ACTION IN WHICH THEY KILLED A NOTED BANDIT: GENERAL SIR GERALD TEMPLER DURING A RECENT TOUR OF SELANGOR.

During a recent two-day tour of Selangor, General Sir Gerald Templer, the High Commissioner, visited men of "B" Company, 1st Battalion, The Suffolk Regiment, who, on July 6, killed Liew Kon Kim, one of the toughest terrorist leaders in Malaya, who was responsible for numerous murders, and two of his accomplices. The bearded bandit, who was shot dead by Second Lieutenant Hands, had long been the chief enemy of the Suffolks, who have killed more terrorists than any other British battalion in Malaya.



OPENING AN EXHIBITION OF PRISON AND BORSTAL ARTS AND CRAFTS AT THE IMPERIAL INSTITUTE: SIR DAVID MAXWELL-FYFE, THE HOME SECRETARY.

When opening the Exhibition of Prison and Borstal Arts and Crafts at the Imperial Institute, the Home Secretary said that many cases were known of men and women who were quite unable to adapt themselves to prison life and discipline whose attitude was completely changed by a box of paints. The exhibition closes to-day, July 26.



PRIME MINISTER OF PERSIA FOR FOUR DAYS: QAVAM-ES-SULTANEH (LEFT) ON THE STEPS OF THE SHAH'S PALACE. Following the resignation of Dr. Mossadeq as Prime Minister on July 16—after his failure to secure the Shah's concession to his retaining the War Portfolio himself in the new Government—the Shah issued a *firman* for Qavam's Premiership, and he was nominated by the Majlis in secret session on July 17 to form a new Ministry. On July 21, Qavam-es-Sultaneh resigned after failing to cope with riots and disturbances throughout the country, in which more than thirty people were killed and scores severely injured.



MRS. ANNA M. ROSENBERG, U.S. ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF DEFENCE, AT LONDON AIRPORT WITH MAJOR-GENERAL GRISWOLD (LEFT) AND VICE-ADMIRAL JERAULD WRIGHT. Mrs. Anna M. Rosenberg, the U.S. Assistant Secretary of Defence, arrived on July 16 for a four-day visit to U.S. Installations in the United Kingdom. She left for Germany on Sunday, July 20, where she is continuing her inspections and discussions. Her tour of Europe is expected to last until the end of the month.



THE WEDDING OF THE HON. GERALD LASCELLES AND MISS ANGELA DOWDING ON JULY 15: THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM WITH THE BRIDAL ATTENDANTS AND MEMBERS OF THEIR FAMILIES PHOTOGRAPHED AT ST. JAMES'S PALACE, WHERE THE RECEPTION WAS HELD.

Princess Margaret, accompanied by the Duke of Edinburgh, was a guest at the wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on July 15, of her cousin, the Hon. Gerald Lascelles, younger son of the Princess Royal and the late Earl of Harewood, and Miss Angela Dowding, daughter of Lady Fox and stepdaughter of Sir John Fox. The Queen was indisposed and unable to attend. The reception was held at St. James's Palace.



LEAVING ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER, AFTER THE WEDDING: (L. TO R.) THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER, PRINCESS MARGARET, LADY PATRICIA RAMSAY, THE DUCHESS OF KENT AND THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

Our photograph on the left shows the bride and bridegroom, the bridal attendants and (left) the Earl of Harewood. Seated (l. to r.) the Countess of Harewood (next to her small son); the Princess Royal; and Lady Fox. Standing (right) is Sir John Fox; and (centre-right) Viscount Boyle, who was best man. The bride and bridegroom are spending a motoring honeymoon on the Continent.



LONDON'S FRENCH GARDEN IN MEMORY OF MARSHAL FOCH (1851-1929): A GENERAL VIEW OF THE DEDICATION CEREMONY BY H.E. THE FRENCH AMBASSADOR ON JULY 18. Lower Grosvenor Gardens, which has contained Malissard's statue of Marshal Foch since 1930, was defaced with air-raid shelters. The City of Westminster have had it reconstructed by M. Moreux, a French architect, and on July 18 it was formally dedicated to Marshal Foch's memory by the French Ambassador.

IN ENGLAND AND AMERICA: A MEMORIAL, SPORT, ACHIEVEMENT AND AN INDABA.



WELCOMING A VISITOR TO THE FIRST WORLD SCOUT INDABA AT GILWELL PARK, ESSEX, ON JULY 16: LORD ROWALLEN, THE CHIEF SCOUT.

The first world Indaba for Scouters opened at Gilwell Park, Essex, on July 16. Indaba is the equivalent of the Scouts' jamboree; 600 men and women scout leaders from fifty countries are attending, and it is planned to hold one every fourth year. The Archbishop of Canterbury has addressed the gathering.



THE JET AIRCRAFT WHICH ATTAINED A SPEED OF 1238 M.P.H. AND FLEW AT AN ALTITUDE OF 79,494 FT. LAST AUGUST: THE UNITED STATES NAVY D 558 *SKYROCKET*. The Secretary of the U.S. Navy has confirmed that a Douglas test pilot, Mr. W. Bridgeman, last August flew a U.S. Navy D 558 *Skyrocket* at 1238 m.p.h., roughly twice the speed of sound; and on another flight at an altitude of 79,494 ft. Refrigerating equipment sufficient to cool a theatre containing 3000 people was carried.



THE WINNER OF THE QUEEN'S PRIZE AT BISLEY: MAJOR A. B. KINNIER-WILSON BEING CHAIRCRAFTED AFTER HIS VICTORY.

Major A. B. Kinnier-Wilson, late R.A.M.C., won the first Queen's Prize of the century at Bisley on July 19, with 277 out of 300, Major W. H. Magnay, late R.E.M.E., being second with 275. Lord Alexander, Minister of Defence, distributed the prizes, and spoke of the value of marksmanship in defence.



ITALIAN WINNERS AT SILVERSTONE: (LEFT) P. TARUFFI, THE WINNER OF THE FORMULA LIBRE RACE; AND (RIGHT) A. ASCARI, THE WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX. About 100,000 people watched the fifth British Grand Prix at Silverstone on July 19. The Grand Prix race was won by A. Ascari in a 2-litre works Ferrari at 90.92 m.p.h., the second being P. Taruffi in a similar car. Third place was won by J. M. Hawthorn in a Cooper-Bristol. The Formula Libre Race was won by P. Taruffi in a Ferrari Thin-wall Special, with Villorosi second in a works Ferrari. Two



A BRITISH WINNER AT SILVERSTONE: S. MOSS IN THE KIEFT, IN WHICH HE EASILY WON THE 500-C.C. RACE IN 31 MINS. 46 SECS., AT AN AVERAGE SPEED OF 82.50 M.P.H. B.R.M.s turned out for this race: one went off the course and through some palings, the other, after doing very well, developed gear-box trouble and retired. The 500-c.c. race was the keenest fought. Until the last lap only feet separated S. Moss and D. Parker (both driving Kiefts), when Parker's driving chain broke and Moss won easily from E. Brandon in a Cooper.

I AM writing to-day of another of the periodical visits to military educational establishments, about which articles have previously appeared. I will begin with what is a commonplace to all who know anything about the Army, but may not be familiar to those who do not. On the outbreak of war, both the Royal Military College, Sandhurst, and the Royal Military Academy, Woolwich, were closed. The latter, known to generations of Gunners and Sappers who had been educated there as "The Shop," had become the centre of a big industrial area surrounded by suburban dormitories. The decision to close it permanently had already been taken. As soon as possible after the war, Sandhurst was revived, the two establishments were amalgamated, and in honour of Woolwich the title of "Academy" was preserved instead of that of "College," which had been associated with Sandhurst. And so to-day the Royal Military Academy, Sandhurst, is the channel of entry into the Army for all but a small fraction of regular officers.

The object of the R.M.A. is to produce young officers with a good education on both the academic and military sides. The aim is not, as in some parallel institutions in other countries, to include specialist training in their own arm of the service. This takes place afterwards at an arms school. The course lasts eighteen months, the working weeks, exclusive of leave, numbering sixty. The time is almost exactly divided between military and academic subjects. Rather over 900 officer cadets are formed into three "colleges," each college containing four companies and each company three platoons. These units comprise cadets of three different terms and are therefore broken up for most instructional purposes, whether military or academic. Ten per cent. of the officer cadets come from Ceylon, the Colonies, and countries with which Britain has particularly close relations, Jordan, Burma, and Siam. Besides Ceylon, another Dominion, Pakistan, is represented for the first time this year, and likely to be more strongly in the future. There is an additional company for officers from National Service, who do a course lasting twelve weeks.

The organisation of the academic curriculum is interesting and has evidently been the subject of considerable thought. There is a series of alternative courses of study and with some reservations each officer cadet can take that which he prefers. These courses are not particularly designed for the different arms of the service, but are in general suitable for some rather than others. In addition, there is a languages school, open only to officer cadets with high qualifications or special linguistic aptitude, who take a course leading up to the Army Interpretership examination. A language, either obligatory or as a choice,



A CORNER OF THE INDIAN ARMY ROOM AT SANDHURST: THE UNION FLAG SHOWN IS THAT FLOWN OVER THE RESIDENCY AT LUCKNOW FROM THE BEGINNING OF THE SIEGE IN 1857 AND SUBSEQUENTLY NIGHT AND DAY UNTIL AUGUST, 1947.

already comes into all the courses mentioned except one. The academic teaching is given to a large extent on university lines, and includes private study under direction and discussions in syndicates which more or less correspond to university seminars. The two sides, the academic under the Director of Studies, the military under the Assistant Commandant, work in close liaison. The Commandant is a major-general. The Adjutant, traditionally an officer of the Brigade of Guards, is responsible for drill. The other branch is the administrative, which runs the affairs of the Academy.

On the military side six subjects are taught: they are basic military, map-reading, tactics, administration, military history, and military law. Basic military instruction is intended to give the officer cadet an outline of the organisation of the Army, an understanding of staff duties, and a grounding in the writing of appreciations and messages. It is also useful in assisting him to make his choice between arms or regiments. Some students arrive with their minds fully made up on that subject, but not the

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

majority, and in any case not everybody can hope for his first or even second choice because the corps or regiment designated may be full up at the time. Tactical teaching to officer cadets of nineteen is naturally elementary. It aims at giving an understanding of the principles of war; a grounding in general tactics, which may serve as starting-point to more detailed study from the point of view of the arm or service into which the cadet is eventually commissioned. It also attempts to develop logical



"SANDHURST OFFERS AN ASTONISHING VARIETY OF GAMES AND SPORTS." ON THIS PAGE CAPTAIN FALLS DISCUSSES THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY IN DETAIL. WE SHOW HERE THE MASTER OF THE BEAGLES EXERCISING THE PACK.

thought by practice in simple appreciations and in giving verbal orders. Finally, it provides a grounding in the organisation of training in the sub-unit which the cadet will eventually command, the platoon or troop.

The teaching of military history has known strange vicissitudes. It lost a great deal of ground, some of which, I am happy to say, it now shows signs of recovering. At the R.M.A. the periods allotted to it are about to be increased. I was rather sorry to see set out as a principle what I regard as unwise words. They were spoken by a great man and great soldier, the late Lord Wavell, but we all have our prejudices and blind spots, and these sentences are best forgotten. "When you study military history, do not read outlines on strategy and the principles of war. Read biographies, memoirs, historical novels, so as to get the flesh and blood, not the skeleton." A proportion of biographies and memoirs are indeed excellent, though both, and the latter especially, are apt to be prejudiced. Nor am I a foe to historical novels, but I cannot consider them as seriously instructive. And when I turn to the syllabus, I find that the intermediate term reads a summary of Sir John Fortescue's "The British Army" and "The Years of Victory," by the author known all over the world by "Our Note Book" in these pages; and the senior term, "The British Army" itself. Neither of these could be bettered.

Hamley, I am well aware, has gone out of fashion and may be a little pedantic, yet his "Operations of War" is highly readable and always provocative of thought. It seems to me that the worst policy with young students is to begin by giving them the impression that military theory is necessarily chilling and military history only a little less so. My own experience with students who start at about the same age as these and frequently devote only a year to a special subject made up of military history and theory is that they often find their subject, though they have chosen it themselves, even more interesting than they expected it to be. Many of them eagerly read books which are not set but which bear upon the subject. No one wants to turn out a class of book-worms for the Army, but well-written military history can be valuable as well as fascinating. I am glad to see that it is one of the objects of the teaching in military history "to create an initial taste" for it "which will lead to further study." And I agree with Colonel G. F. R. Henderson, a famous instructor at Sandhurst sixty years ago, who is also quoted, that it is "the one and only means, in default of long service in the field, of forming a military instinct or of gaining a clear insight into the innumerable problems connected with the organisation and the command of an armed force."

Education at the R.M.A. is now free. The result of this lifting of a financial burden from the shoulders of parents might be expected to be the attracting to

the establishment of young men from sources not previously represented. This proves to be the case to some extent. Secondary schools now provide 40 per cent. of the normal entry. Yet the public schools continue to hold their own well, and the schools holding the leading places are those which have done so for generations. In eleven "intakes" since the reopening, Wellington College stands easily first.

It was founded largely for boys intending to enter the profession of arms and for the sons of officers, and it has retained that background. Two hundred and forty-six old Wellingtonians have entered Sandhurst in this period. Eton stands second, far ahead of any other school, with 184. Sherborne is third with 70. Winchester and Marlborough have sent 68 apiece; Cheltenham, 66; Haileybury and Imperial Service College, 65. No other tops 50, and Bedford School, Charterhouse, Radley and Stowe are in the forties.

Except that Northern schools are inadequately represented, there is no dissatisfaction with the sources from which officer cadets are drawn. There exists, however, a shortage of those with sufficient ability in science and mathematics to fill vacancies in the more technical arms of the service: R.E., R. Sigs., R.E.M.E. and R.A.S.C. Even now the training of University graduates in science and engineering does not seem to be as widely known as it should be. Each year, twenty young officers who have passed through Sandhurst are sent, after a period of regimental duty, to Cambridge to read for the Mechanical Science Tripos. In addition, up to ninety young officers, after a period of service with their own arm, go to the Military College of Science at Shrivenham (photographs of which appeared in our last issue), where they do a University course of from two-and-a-half to three years. This College is an external college of the University of London, and at the end of their course the students take either the B.Sc. or B.Sc. (Engineering) external degree of London. In the years 1949-1950, out of 118 young officers fifty-nine obtained honours degrees, and eleven of these obtained "firsts." The link between Cambridge and the Royal Engineers—and through them the Royal Signals, budded off from that corps within recent times—is an old one.

Sandhurst offers an astonishing variety of games and sports. In addition to most of the games normally played in this country, there are opportunities—some of which come obviously in time of vacation—for the most part through the medium of clubs, for a number of sports such as riding, skiing, fishing, flying, sailing, mountaineering and archery. A large group of societies and clubs cater for interests as far apart as chess and ornithology, philately and painting. (At the time of my visit the Painting Society was holding an exhibition which showed that an old tradition of the Army was being maintained.) In many cases these games, sports and cultural activities might be described as amenities, but it is a matter of importance that every young officer should play at least one game which he will be expected to run for the men of his unit, and play it as well as possible.

I have mentioned the shortage of cadets with ability in science and mathematics and the small interest in the Army shown by Northern schools. What other room for improvement is there? I fancy, though no insistence was laid upon this point at the time of my visit, that a slight rise in the standard of the entry would be welcome. Then there is some shortage of accommodation which cannot at present be remedied owing to the call for economy. If it were



THE CENTRAL LIBRARY OF THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, SANDHURST: ORIGINALLY A GYMNASIUM, THIS LIBRARY HOUSES A MAJOR COLLECTION OF WORKS ON MILITARY HISTORY AND A COLLECTION OF MILITARY PRINTS AND HISTORIC RELICS.

considered necessary to raise the numbers to 1200, a figure which has been discussed, some further building could not be avoided. Leaving Sandhurst aside, I am sure the military authorities would be glad to see the number of University candidates return to the pre-war figure. This implies no dissatisfaction with Sandhurst or with the general system of military education, but it has long been considered that the University candidates provide a valuable element. From my own point of vantage I have seen this year, for the first time since the war, some signs that the Army is likely to attract more in future.

THE OPENING OF THE XV OLYMPIC GAMES: PAAVO NURMI LIGHTS THE HELSINKI BEACON.



THE FINNISH NATIONAL HERO AND ONE OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST ATHLETES: PAAVO NURMI BRINGS THE OLYMPIC FLAME ON ITS LAST LAP FROM GREECE TO THE HELSINKI STADIUM.



PAAVO NURMI, THE GREAT FINNISH LONG-DISTANCE RUNNER OF THE 'TWENTIES, REACHES UP TO LIGHT THE OLYMPIC FLAME IN THE HUGE BOWL IN THE OLYMPIC ARENA.



THE OLYMPIC FLAME IS CARRIED ON FROM THE BOWL TO THE TOP OF THE 252-FT. OLYMPIC TOWER, WHERE A FAMOUS FINNISH ATHLETE, HANNES KOLEHMAINEN, LIT A BEACON.

Shortly after two o'clock in the afternoon of July 19, before a crowd of between 60,000 and 70,000 and while rain was falling, President Paasikivi of Finland declared the XV Olympic Games open. The name of the final torch-bearer had been kept secret, but the huge crowd cheered with delight as they saw the "Flying Finn," Paavo Nurmi, whose statue stands in Helsinki, enter through the Marathon Gate and race the 350 metres to the bowl at the southern end of the arena with the Olympic torch in his right hand. The waiting athletes broke their ranks to



AS THE FINAL NOTES OF THE OLYMPIC HYMN DIE AWAY IN THE HELSINKI ARENA, THE OLYMPIC FLAME BURSTS FORTH FROM THE TOP OF THE TOWER WHICH DOMINATES THE STADIUM.

cheer him, and after he had lit the flame in the bowl, the Olympic Hymn was sung and the flame which had been carried up to the top of the Tower burst forth from the 252-ft.-high beacon. Then came an unrehearsed effect, as a fair-haired German girl in white robes ran round the track and attempted to make a speech from the rostrum. She was, however, taken in charge, held for a medical opinion and later flown back to West Germany. She was a Fräulein Barbara Rotraut Pleyer of Stuttgart. Another picture of the opening appears overleaf.



THE OPENING OF THE BIGGEST OLYMPIC GAMES EVER HELD: THE PARADE OF THE ATHLETES, WITH THE LARGE UNITED STATES CONTINGENT (CENTRE) PRECEDED BY VIETNAM.

The XV Olympic Games, which opened (officially) at Helsinki on July 19, made sure of one record, in that it has had the largest entry ever, with about 6000 competitors from sixty-eight countries, with Germany and Japan competing for the first time since the war, and Russia making her first appearance at the Games. Owing to this immense entry, a number of events had to start before July 19, but

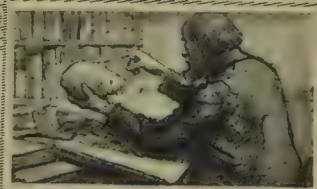
the traditional ceremony took place on that day, and nearly 4000 athletes from fifty-nine nations took place in the parade round the Stadium. There were nearly 70,000 spectators in the great arena; but there was considerable rain, and the parade of athletes ploughed up the red track in a way which suggested that the times for track events were likely to be on the slow side. The various contingents, led as

always by the Greeks, paraded in alphabetical order, but in the order of the Finnish versions of their countries, with, for example, Great Britain appearing as "Isle Britannia," the United States as "Yadyavallat" and Russia as "Nevostolitto." The Russian and East European contingents are reported to have received only polite applause, the especial cheering being reserved for Greece, the native Finnish

contingent, the United States and the Scandinavian teams. After the opening by President Paasikivi, came the Olympic fanfare, the release of 3500 pigeons, the firing of a twenty-one-gun salute, and the entrance of the Olympic torch, borne by Paavo Nurmi—to terrific applause. The most sensational result on July 20 was Zapotek's record 10,000 metres, in which the first six (including F. Sando (G.B.)) all broke the record.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE Whale Hall of London's Natural History Museum is dominated by a girl of five, and she is apt to steal the thunder. Passing from the Reptile Gallery through a short, low-ceilinged passage, one enters the lofty Whale Hall to be confronted by the tremendous bulk of this little lady's snout. Thereafter, the visitor, especially one coming for the first time, has some difficulty in disengaging the eyes from the 91-ft.-long model of a female blue whale. The age of the original, from which the model was made, is unknown, but it was believed to be little more than five years, her bulk notwithstanding.

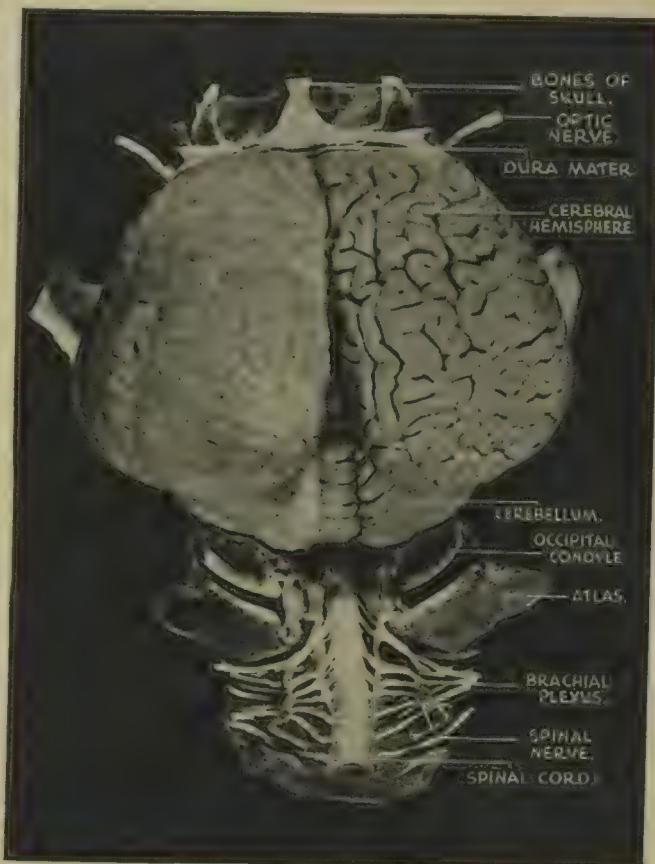
I once listened to a learned man discoursing on his visit to this museum, and he had little good to say of it. His main theme was its lack of interest. Presumably he did not reach the Whale Hall, for nobody could stand in front of this leviathan and not marvel at the tremendous changes that must have taken place in the course of its ancestral history. Fossil whale remains are rare, it is true, but no one studying the anatomy or life-history of whales could doubt that they belong to the true mammalian stock, or that their ancestors must have lived on land. Whether these ancestors were hoofed animals or not is largely conjectural at this moment. It is not too certain how long ago it is that the change from a terrestrial to an aquatic life took place, but it must have been, geologically speaking, fairly recent. Here, then, is the first thing to wonder at, that so many and such far-reaching changes could have taken place in so short a time. Everything about a whale's body shows changes, many of them slight in themselves, but all dovetailing, in a most remarkable fashion. There are the more obvious changes, such as the loss of the hairy coat, the growth of the thick layer of blubber, the loss of the hind-limbs, the conversion of the tail into something very like the tail of a fish, the fore-limb changed from a leg to a flipper, and so on. But these are not the most remarkable.

From the huge model suspended from the ceiling, our attention wanders to other smaller whales, hung on incredibly thin wires it seems, to huge jaws standing on end and towering above us, from skeletons of large and small whales, to models of the small river dolphins still showing signs of the neck that the larger whales have lost. And as we look from one to the other we can piece together the clues to their terrestrial ancestry.

THE WHALE'S SECRETS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

whales. It is illustrated with forty-one plates, of which five are in colour. In its preface it is revealed that Mr. R. H. Burne, M.A., F.R.S., after forty years' comparative anatomical work at the Royal College of Surgeons, joined the British Museum in 1935 as a



REMARKABLE FOR ITS GLOBULAR SHAPE, THE HEAVY CONVOLUTIONS OF THE CEREBRAL HEMISPHERES AND THE LARGE SIZE OF THE CEREBELLUM: THE BRAIN AND FRONT END OF THE SPINAL CORD OF THE COMMON PORPOISE (*Phocaena phocaena*). The absence, complete or nearly so, in all whales, porpoises and dolphins, of a sense of smell, and therefore of olfactory lobes, gives the globular shape. The cerebral hemispheres are the seat of the higher centres of the brain; the cerebellum controls the movements of the muscles.

voluntary scientific worker and generously undertook to prepare dissections especially for exhibition in this Hall. The outbreak of war interrupted his task and, later, the impairment of his sight prevented him from adding to what he had already done. His exhibited work stands, however, as a monument to his skill, knowledge and patience; and, fittingly, the handbook devoted to the explanation of his dissections is beautifully produced and takes its place among the books which to see is to wish to possess.

Some of the dissections, those most eloquent of Mr. Burne's skill, are of a somewhat technical nature, hardly fitting for the brief mention attempted here, but fully repaying a close and lengthy examination. Beside

them are others more readily described. The dissection of a whale's eye, for example, shows a series of these remarkable changes to which I have already alluded. Although so like the eye of a typical land animal, minute changes have transformed it into the perfect eye for a beast living wholly in water. The lens is markedly convex, and the globe behind it is shallow, to meet the special requirements of vision under water. The margins of the cornea are thickened, the sclerotic capsule is enormously thickened

and the optic nerve is ensheathed in a mass of connective tissue and blood-vessels, all provisions against the high pressures of deep water. Instead of water, the tear-gland gives out a greasy substance to protect the eye exposed to sea-water, and in some whales the outer coating, the conjunctiva, is replaced by a horny epithelium. Finally, "to protect the eye against continuous cooling at temperatures below the normal body temperature, the liquid refractive media within the eyeball are so constituted as to have a lower freezing-point. . . ."

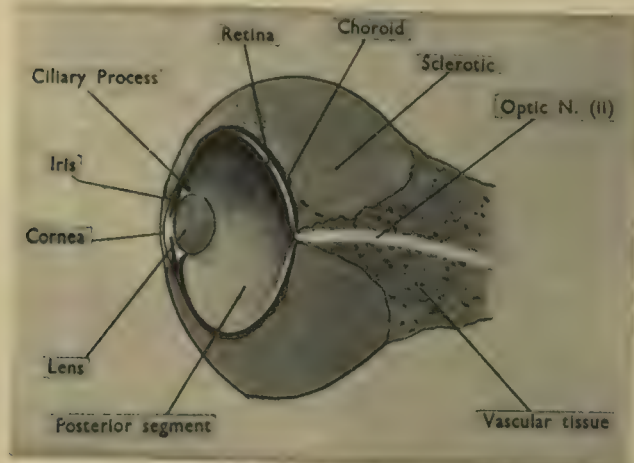
By examining the dissections, or reading the handbook, the answers to many common questions can be found. What is the blubber for? Not as we have always supposed, to keep the heat in, but to conduct it outwards, to save whales dying of heat-stroke. But it does mean that "whales need to maintain swimming activity in order to remain warm." We can see the snout of a white-beaked dolphin, and a strip of skin from the chin of a blue whale, showing the sparse bristles, proclaiming the whale's lineage with the hairy mammals.

Can a whale smell? The nostrils "are in a position on the head far removed from the front end of the snout" where they form the blowhole, and the "nasal bones, from being the roofing elements of the nasal cavity of the typical land mammal, have become reduced to blunt, wedge-shaped blocks in the Whalebone Whales, and to mere nodular vestiges in the Dolphins. The multiple, -complicated turbinal bones, which almost fill the nasal cavity of the land mammal, have disappeared."

In this mosaic of change the whale has lost a sense of smell, which would be of little use to it, and at the same time has acquired a breathing apparatus of maximum efficiency. Even the shape of the blowhole contributes to this, for when the blowhole opens, at the surface, its front edge is raised, "thus providing a barrier against the entry of water when the animal is in motion on the surface."

Finally, a very common question, how does the young whale feed?

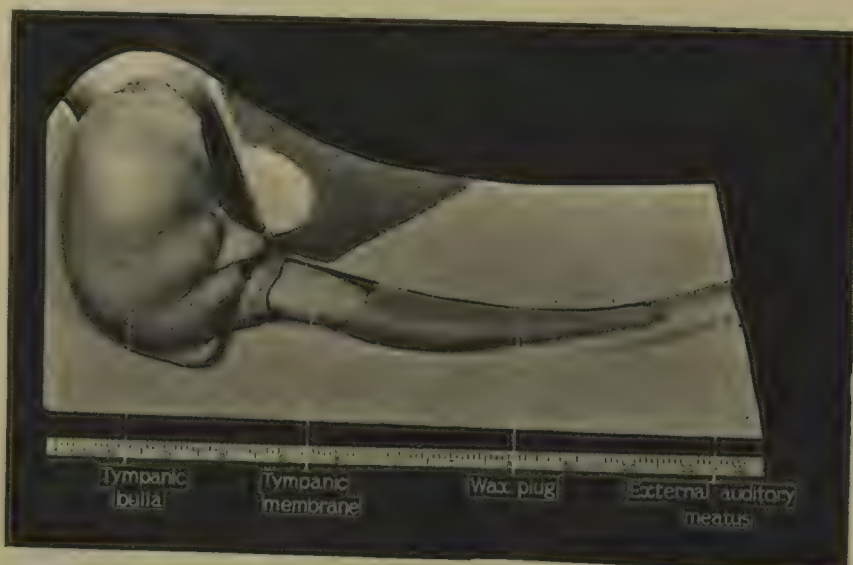
The handbook has the answer to this also. It takes milk from the maternal teats, themselves remarkably well adapted for feeding a young animal swimming alongside. But most remarkable of all, perhaps, the tongue of the suckling calf "is provided with a strong, broad, muscular ridge along each side of its upper surface, with an intervening, gutter-like depression which widens out in front into a basin-like hollow behind the tongue-tip. Moreover, the calf palate, between the two 'sides' of baleen, is not pronouncedly keeled as it is in the adult. It is believed that, when feeding, the suckling calf presses the tongue ridges to the palate, thus forming a tubular cavity which, when the calf applies its mouth to its dam's nipple, provides a passageway to the gullet for the milk, and simultaneously prevents water from being swallowed."



HAVING A NUMBER OF SPECIAL ADAPTATIONS FOR VISION UNDER WATER AND FOR WITHSTANDING PRESSURES AT GREAT DEPTHS AND LOW TEMPERATURES: A DIAGRAM OF THE EYE OF A BLUE WHALE (*Balaenoptera musculus*) IN SECTION.

One has retained more of the hip-girdle than most of the others. Another has the skeleton of its flipper looking much more like the fore-limb of the typical land animal than the others. But for the real story of the traces of ancestry, and of the changes that have taken place, we need to go upstairs into the balcony, and to one corner of it. There we find a series of dissections, skilfully and exquisitely carried out, that lay bare for us, in a literal sense, the inner secrets of the whale's anatomy. These dissections have been on view for some time, probably two years or so, but it is only recently, with the publication by the British Museum of a handbook* that the story of the dissections themselves is revealed.

As to the handbook itself, its seventy pages contain an account of the dissections and what they signify, written by Dr. F. C. Fraser, the Museum's expert on



SUGGESTING AN ACUTE SENSE OF APPRECIATION OF UNDER-WATER VIBRATIONS AND OF HEARING: THE INTERNAL STRUCTURE OF THE EAR OF A FINNER WHALE (*Balaenoptera physalus*), SHOWING THE TYMPANIC MEMBRANE AND THE HORN-SHAPED PLUG OF WAX.

Instead of the simple ear-drum of land mammals, the tympanum of many whales is sunk low in the head and is conical, and is capped by a horn-shaped plug of wax. This special shape, and the large size of the auditory bulla (ear bone) suggest an acute sense of appreciation of under-water vibrations and of hearing. Some whales, at least, react readily to supersonic emissions and others are known to use the voice habitually. Further than this, little is known.

Illustrations reproduced from "Handbook of R. H. Burne's Cetacean Dissections"; by Courtesy of the Trustees of the British Museum (Natural History).

* "Handbook of R. H. Burne's Cetacean Dissections." (London: printed by order of the Trustees of the British Museum, 1952; £2 2s.)

INTERNATIONAL GLIDING IN SPAIN: BRITAIN'S VICTORY IN THE CHAMPIONSHIP.



GLIDERS TAKING OFF: BY THE USE OF TWENTY-ONE AIRCRAFT IN RELAYS, FIFTY-EIGHT COMPETITORS WERE TOWED INTO THE AIR ON THE OPENING DAY IN JUST OVER AN HOUR.



(ABOVE.)
SHOWING A SPANISH CIVIL GUARD WHO HAD WATCHED OVER IT: MR. WILLS' SKY SAILPLANE AFTER IT HAD LANDED IN OPEN COUNTRY DURING THE CONTEST—BEFORE DISMANTLING.



(ABOVE.)
DISMANTLED AND BEING LOADED INTO THE RECOVERY VAN: THE SKY SAILPLANE IN WHICH MR. WILLS WON THE SINGLE-SEAT INTERNATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIP.

AS recorded in our issue of July 19, the largest international gliding contest ever held ended at Madrid on July 13, with a British victory. Mr. Philip Wills was first with a total of 4333 points in the Single-seater World Championship, flying one of the new British high-performance sailplanes, the Sky 34. M. Gérard Pierre (France) was second with 4048 points, and Flt. Lt. R. C. Forbes (Britain) third with 4043. The excellent performance of the British sailplane, the Sky, was an outstanding feature of the contest; as it

[Continued opposite.]



THE BRITISH WINNER OF THE SINGLE-SEAT INTERNATIONAL GLIDING CHAMPIONSHIP, HELD IN SPAIN, IN THE NEW BRITISH HIGH-PERFORMANCE SAILPLANE THE SKY: MR. PHILIP WILLS, SPEAKING AT THE BRIEFING SESSION.

[Continued.]
secured three of the first four places and seven of the first fourteen, being flown by Argentine and Dutch as well as by British competitors. Mr. F. Slingsby, the Sky designer and manufacturer, was present in Madrid, and received numerous inquiries from would-be purchasers. The winner of the championship for two-seater craft was Señor Vicente Juez (Spain). A congress of the International Scientific and Technical Organisation for Soaring Flight was held simultaneously with the championships.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

WHAT I know about Agapanthus, the Blue African Lily, is probably as little as most other average gardeners know—which is very little indeed. Now, to my

AGAPANTHUS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

as well explain; and the simplest way of doing that is to quote from the "Dictionary."

"Some regard all the forms in the genus as varieties of *A. africanus*, but recently plants of the genus have been closely studied in their native homes by Mrs.

under cover they should be kept relatively dry.

But as a race the Agapanthus are, I believe, far hardier than is generally supposed, and I suggest that, without

risking one's only plants, it is well worth planting specimens out in the open flower borders. Plant in early summer so that they may become well established before they have to face the ordeal of winter, and they might be given a covering of litter—straw or bracken—for their first winter in the open. After that they might be tried without any covering at all. My one specimen of *A. intermedius*, which for years had always worn a muffler, so to speak, all winter, came through some quite tough weather last winter without protection of any kind and without harm. So, too, did another Agapanthus, variety unknown, planted near by. This specimen had lived for years as a pot-plant on a mixed nursery, and had spent all its winters in a greenhouse. It is a very attractive variety, of medium height, with large heads of large, deep violet-blue flowers.

Three years ago I saw a clump of Agapanthus in a garden where it had evidently lived for years in open ground. It was in full ripe seed when I saw it, and appeared to be sturdy and medium-dwarf in habit. A head of seed which I was given germinated well, and last summer I planted out a couple of dozen seedlings in open ground. They came through the winter quite unharmed, and are now growing away strongly. Next summer they should flower. By way of extending my open-air trial of Agapanthus, I must now secure a specimen of the common *A. umbellatus* and plant that out so that it may show how tough it is—or isn't.

The Blue African Lily is such a truly splendid plant in all its forms that it deserves to be grown much more than it is. If, as I think possible, it should prove hardier than is generally supposed, especially in its larger and handsomer forms, that would help greatly towards greater popularity. Few can fail to admire the plant, but tubs and big pots are troublesome and costly to obtain, and a nuisance



A CLOSE-UP OF THE AGAPANTHUS GENERALLY KNOWN AS *A. MOOREANUS*. AS MR. ELLIOTT POINTS OUT IN HIS ARTICLE, THE NAMES OF AGAPANTHUS AS GROWN ARE MANY AND CONFLICTING AND CALL FOR THE ACTIVITIES OF "SOME CAREFUL, METHODICAL GARDENER WITH ONE EYE ON BOTANY, BUT BOTH EYES ON THE GARDEN."

Photograph by D. F. Merrell.

Isaacs (*née* Leighton) and other South African botanists, with the result that several species differing in vigour, colour and form of flowers and number of flowers in an umbel have been distinguished. Plants brought into cultivation from the wild soon become modified in size and, as hybridisation appears to occur readily, no doubt many plants now in our garden are of hybrid origin, but there seems no doubt that three species have hitherto been included in the group commonly grown here under the name *umbellatus* and its varieties *A. africanus*, *A. campanulatus* and *A. orientalis*. The name *A. umbellatus* is invalid, as the plants to which it was applied in 1788 already had a valid specific name *africanus* applied to it in 1753." You have been warned. The name *umbellatus*, which has been in common usage for over 160 years, is invalid. It must go. You must never use it again. Henceforth, and until our masters the botanists make some fresh discovery of an even earlier name, you must call the plant on the terrace *Agapanthus africanus*.

Under *A. campanulatus* I find *A. umbellatus mooreanus* given as a synonym of *campanulatus*. The description seems to agree with the plant which I know as *A. mooreanus*, though nothing is said about its being hardy. I can find no mention of *A. intermedius*.

It's all very difficult and confusing, and seeing that the wild species of Agapanthus when "brought into cultivation from the wild soon become modified in size, and as hybridisation appears to occur readily," it does not look as though the species distinguished—and described—by Mrs. Isaacs and other South African botanists would help us much in naming the forms we grow in our gardens. Perhaps some day some careful, methodical gardener with one eye on botany, but both eyes on the garden, will get together every available form, variety, species and hybrid of Agapanthus, test them thoroughly, especially for hardiness, and tell us which he considers the six most distinct and best worth growing; as to what line he should take in the matter of names I dare not begin to suggest.

Meanwhile, the best thing that plain, honest gardeners can do is to get into their gardens as many different kinds of Agapanthus as they can and experiment in different ways of growing them. By all means grow them in tubs or big pots, and when grown in this way they will take, and enjoy, all the water you can give them during their stay in the open, but in autumn and during their time of winter protection



A BLUE AFRICAN LILY—AGAPANTHUS—GROWN IN A LARGE POT AND FORMING A STATELY TERRACE FEATURE.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

remember having made is *A. umbellatus maximus*. This I saw flowering in my friend Norman G. Hadden's garden at West Porlock last summer. It was a magnificent plant, with flower-stems 4—or may be 5—ft. tall.

That, then, is the Agapanthus family as I know it, and probably as the average gardener knows it. But in the hope of avoiding too many howlers I have just looked up Agapanthus in the new R.H.S. "Dictionary of Gardening," and find that each one of the names that I have used is a howler—which I have every intention of leaving unaltered. But I may



AGAPANTHUS GROWING IN AN OPEN BORDER. IT IS MR. ELLIOTT'S SURMISE THAT THESE BLUE AFRICAN LILIES ARE MUCH HARDIER THAN IS GENERALLY BELIEVED.

Photograph by R. A. Malby and Co.

to shift about twice a year. But even if general hardiness were conclusively proved, it would probably take many years for the general gardening public to believe the fact. Many keen gardeners find it hard to believe that even the little *Agapanthus mooreanus* is hardy. You may show it to them, obviously established in the open border, and still their attitude is that of the child on first seeing a giraffe at the Zoo: "But, Mummy—there aren't *really* animals like that, are there?"

TRUEMAN'S RECORD FAST BOWLING, ANIMALS IN THE NEWS,
AND MORPETH GRAMMAR SCHOOL'S QUATERCENTENARY.



"THE OLYMPIC RECORD-BREAKER" AT THE "MARINELAND" AQUARIUM, FLORIDA: A NEW DOLPHIN WHICH OUTLEAPS THE REST. In previous issues (May 3, 1951, and June 21, 1952) we have published photographs illustrating the agility and docility of various dolphins (called porpoises in America) at the celebrated "Marineland" aquarium in Florida. A recent arrival there, a dolphin called *Speck*, shown above, has soon learnt to out-jump all the older members of the colony.



THE WREN WHO TOOK HIS FAMILY UP AND DOWN TO COVENT GARDEN: THE NEST BUILT UNDER A LORRY. Mr. W. Stevens, a grower of Swanley, Kent, recently discovered a wren's nest with chicks, beneath the running board of the lorry in which he had been making twice-weekly trips with his produce to Covent Garden Market; and calculates that the birds, nest, eggs and chicks must have travelled at least 100 miles before they were discovered.



THE QUEEN'S GIFT TO A RUHR TOWN: SWANS AT COOKHAM, WITH THE QUEEN'S SWAN-MASTER. During the war the Ruhr town of Castrop-Rauxel lost its traditional pair of swans and appealed through Brigadier Lingham, *Land* Commissioner of North Rhine-Westphalia, to H.M. the Queen, who sent four swans in the care of her Swan-master, Mr. Turk, and by means of the R.A.F.



THE NEW SPEARHEAD OF ENGLAND'S ATTACK: F. TRUEMAN, THE YOUNG YORKSHIRE FAST BOWLER, WHEN HE MADE A FAST BOWLER'S TEST RECORD OF 8 WICKETS FOR 31 AGAINST INDIA. In the Third Test Match against India, England, after making a painstaking 347 for 9, with many interruptions for rain on July 17 and 18, defeated India by an innings and 207, getting India out on July 19 for 58 and 82. In the first innings, after Bedser had got Mankad out for 4, Trueman, bowling with great speed, fire and accuracy, demolished 8 wickets for 31 runs—a Test feat unequalled by any fast bowler and by only a few slow bowlers. In the second innings, Lock and Bedser did the damage. Trueman taking 1 for 9. In the three Tests Trueman has taken 24 Indian wickets for 337 runs—an average of a trifle over 14, and has bowled progressively more accurately. He is an ex-miner and is at present serving in the Royal Air Force.



MORPETH GRAMMAR SCHOOL, WHICH IS THIS YEAR CELEBRATING THE 400TH ANNIVERSARY OF ITS CHARTER: SOME OF THE MODERN BUILDINGS. The actual foundation date of Morpeth Grammar School is difficult to fix, although it was definitely in existence in 1310; but its Royal Charter dates from 1552 and its full name is, in consequence, the Grammar School of King Edward VI. at Morpeth. The school has been celebrating this summer the



"UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL": A SCENE—IN STUART TIMES—OF THE PAGEANT IN WHICH THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL OF KING EDWARD VI., MORPETH, RE-ENACTED ITS HISTORY. The occasion has been marked by a Commemoration Service, the dedication of a war memorial and the publication of a History of the School. On July 16, the years of the School's history were recalled in a pageant in which all the 300 boys of the school took part.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. DU PAQUIER'S ACHIEVEMENTS IN VIENNA.*

By FRANK DAVIS.

THERE are few of us who could be certain of recognising a piece of early eighteenth-century Vienna porcelain amid a mixed collection from other European factories, and probably fewer still who could give more than the most sketchy account of this famous factory's history. The reason is first, that Vienna porcelain is rarely to be seen in England, particularly examples from the early period—that is, from 1718 to 1744—when the more-or-less bankrupt undertaking was transferred to State ownership (or, in current slang, got itself nationalised); and secondly, that no book on the subject existed in English. This omission has now been made good by a careful and detailed survey of this first period, during which the enterprise remained under private control. It is a difficult subject, for original documents are few, and much has to be deduced from rather sketchy material. That the job was worth doing, and has been well done by Mr. J. F. Hayward, will be evident to those who read this book, "Viennese Porcelain of the Du Paquier Period," carefully.

Vienna was the second place in Europe to make true porcelain. The Du Paquier factory there was established only eight years after the foundation of Meissen and depended largely upon runaway workmen from that place. It was intended to be Meissen's rival, and enthusiasts consider that in some respects it was, though for my part I find it difficult to ignore the author's admission that "if a Meissen cup is set by the side of a Du Paquier one, the latter looks almost as though it needed washing. It is a fact that there was always more variation in the paste of Du Paquier porcelain than of Meissen, but nevertheless the characteristic grey tone of the former can usually be recognised." In another passage he neatly, and entirely legitimately, notes the characteristics of the two wares and leaves the reader to decide for himself. "It is a matter of taste whether one prefers the hard, sharp brilliance of Meissen

his pieces with decorative detail. This, in some of his more elaborate confections, can take on a truly nightmarish quality, and when, as in the photograph of a corner of the Dubsy-Zimmer which we reproduce, we see a whole room plastered with plaques and pendentives in porcelain, we are tempted to throw in our hand altogether, forgetting that while from the eminence of the mid-twentieth century we

experimenters as they fumbled unsteadily towards a satisfactory technique. Moreover, and here I think Mr. Hayward is specially illuminating, they devised a decorative formula which was at once dignified and flexible—a series of scrolls and straps in iron-red, purple, blue and green, of the most handsome description, which lent itself not only to borders of plates and vases, but which could be broken up at will and used for varied compositions which were not merely frames for flowers, etc., but had their own separate existence. Many examples of this characteristic ornament are scattered throughout the book, and if Vienna had achieved nothing else it would still have justified its existence.

The second special virtue of Vienna is the quality of its flower painting. The sprays are sometimes disproportionately large (that is, to our eyes) but beautifully painted—mainly roses, anemones and pæonies—and Mr. Hayward detects the work of two separate individuals, one of them using the more brilliant colours. Du Paquier himself remains an exasperatingly shadowy figure. In spite of his name, which suggests a Flemish origin, he was born in Trier, and had been a *Hofkriegsrat* at the Court of the Emperor Charles VI.—that is, he was the agent of a general at the Council of War in Vienna, where he looked after his master's interests. The story is that he attempted to manufacture porcelain himself and decided, no doubt wisely, that it would be more businesslike to employ someone who was actually working at Meissen rather than to continue his experiments. He succeeded in attracting Hunger, who was supposed to know the secret which made true porcelain a fact and not a dream, and also obtained a patent from the Emperor (the document is printed in full) by which Du Paquier and his partners were given the right to manufacture "the finely painted, decorated and variously manufactured porcelain-majolica and Indian china-ware vessels and crockery, such as were made in East India and other foreign countries," etc., "provided always that neither the Emperor nor the Exchequer should be required to provide financial assistance of any kind whatsoever." (I rather like that clause; it shows a very proper caution.)

There was endless trouble in finding suitable clay, Hunger failed to produce satisfactory wares, and another man, Stölzel, was enticed from Meissen, and in due course went back there, taking with him a



A FAMOUS ACHIEVEMENT OF THE DU PAQUIER FACTORY: A CORNER OF THE Porzellan-Zimmer FROM THE PALACE OF COUNT DUBSKY, IN BRÜNN, KNOWN AS THE Dubsy-Zimmer; c. 1730.

"Rooms in which the decoration consisted almost exclusively of porcelain were by no means unusual in the eighteenth century, particularly in Germany. Indeed one might say that no really fashionable palace was complete without one." Our photograph of the Dubsy-Zimmer (which, in common with the other illustrations on this page is reproduced from "Viennese Porcelain of the Du Paquier Period," by permission of the publishers) shows the magnificent fireplace, constructed from fifteen great blocks of porcelain, the over-mantel with numerous vases, and the door frames set with small plaques.

smile at these flat-footed Teutonic gambollings in the delicate world of porcelain, we have in our time produced some fairly pedestrian examples in the same genre ourselves—and so have the French.

Yet, amid all these goings-on—and it is naturally the more elaborately tortured examples which attract our attention—there are other pieces, less pretentious, which display a truly subtle understanding of the inherent quality of the material and which make an immediate appeal to eyes sharpened by a far more precise knowledge of the triumphs of porcelain manufacture than was possible for these early



FROM THE JAGD SERVICE, ORIGINALLY MADE FOR THE IMPERIAL COURT AND SUBSEQUENTLY PRESENTED TO THE MONASTERY OF SANKT BLASSEN, NEAR FREIBURG: A DISH, c. 1730-40.

The Jagd Service is painted in *schwarzlot* (dull black) heightened with gilding with subjects taken from the engravings of J. E. Riedinger. [Österreichisches Museum, Vienna.]

or the soft, calm breadth of form of Du Paquier porcelain; but it must be conceded that the merits of the latter are considerable, more considerable than was recognised by the contemporary judges who were mainly concerned with questions of technical perfection, and preferred, therefore, the manufactures of the Saxon factory." So much for apologetics.

It is next to impossible not to compare Vienna pieces with Meissen, but I suggest there is another reason which has led many of us in this island to ignore the work of Du Paquier and his ever-changing band of workmen, and that is a rooted prejudice against what we consider the deplorable taste of his time and country in overloading so many of



PAINTED IN COLOURS WITH "deutsche Blumen" WITHIN BAROQUE BORDERS: A LARGE SHAPED DISH, c. 1730-40.

This piece is decorated by a painter who liked to group his flowers in tight bunches. [Museo Civico, Turin.]



PAINTED WITH "indianische Blumen" IN COLOUR, COPIED FROM A MEISSEN MODEL: A TEAPOT, c. 1740.

This piece from the Redlich Collection is now in the Collection of Dr. H. Syz, Westport, Conn. It belongs to the last Du Paquier period 1735-44.

*On this page Frank Davis reviews "Viennese Porcelain of the Du Paquier Period." By J. F. Hayward, of the Victoria and Albert Museum. 76 pages of Plates; 4 in full colour. (Rockliff; £7 7s. net.)

young man who was to become famous as a painter, Herold—but it is a lengthy and intricate tale of perpetual financial embarrassment—so much of it that one is surprised to discover that there was anything worth while left for the State to take over. There was no factory mark during the Du Paquier period (the familiar shield was only in use after 1744—impressed from 1744 to 1749 and after 1827, and in blue from 1749), but Mr. Hayward illustrates some interesting signatures from the bases of a few pieces. He also shows three plates from the seventeenth-century English pattern book—Stalker's "Treatise of Japanning and Varnishing"—from which it is evident Vienna derived many of its notions of Chinese decoration. I have already noted that there is no other book on this out-of-way subject in English, but that is a somewhat negative recommendation; it is, in addition, a work of most careful and methodical research, and will be an indispensable reference book for many years to come.

AT HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT NEWS ITEMS.



THE LARGEST SINGLE-ENGINE AIRCRAFT IN THE WORLD: A GRUMMAN GUARDIAN ANTI-SUBMARINE AIRCRAFT OF THE U.S. NAVY, SHOWING THE RADAR SCANNER. The Grumman *Guardian* anti-submarine aircraft hunt their prey in pairs. One carries beneath the fuselage an enormous radar scanner with which to detect the submarine, while the other is armed with bombs and rockets and is directed to the target by its companion.

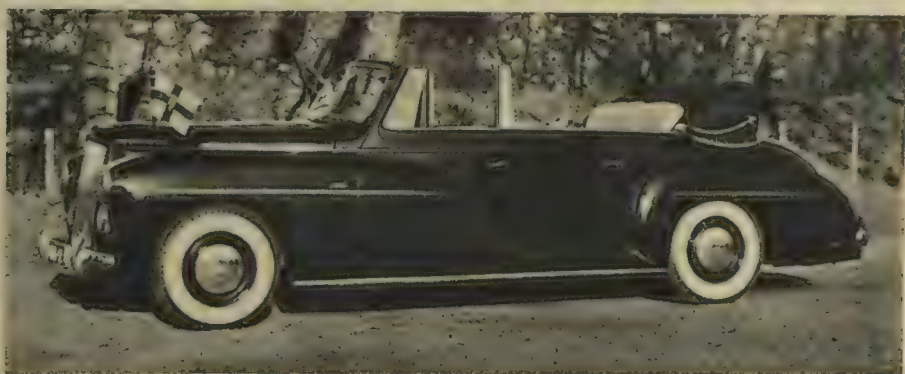


UNDER-WATER CINEMATOGRAPHY AS SEEN BY AN UNDER-WATER PHOTOGRAPHER: ONE OF A SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS WITH AN AQUAFLEX CAMERA BY THE UNITED STATES NAVY. In our issue of April 26 our Special Artist, Mr. G. H. Davis, illustrated a new under-water cine-camera, which is being tested by the Admiralty. Here we show a similar motion-picture camera which is being tested by the U.S. Navy. The photograph was taken by means of an under-water aquaflex camera.



REBUILDING THE GUTTED VIENNA OPERA HOUSE: A GENERAL VIEW, SHOWING THE AUDITORIUM FROM THE BACK OF THE "FOURTH GALLERY," AND THE PROSCENIUM ARCH AND STAGE (OBSCURED BY SCAFFOLDING).

The Vienna Opera House, which was reduced to a shell by incendiary bombs during World War II, is now in process of being rebuilt. The scaffolding from the façade was removed recently; it is hoped that the reconstruction work will be completed next year.



LINKING TOGETHER THE CRAFTSMANSHIP OF TWO COUNTRIES: THE NEW STATE AND TOURING CAR BELONGING TO H.M. THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS. IT WAS BUILT BY MESSRS. PENNOCK AND ZONEN AT THE HAGUE ON AN AUSTIN SHEERLINE CHASSIS.

STOLEN FROM THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM AT GREENWICH: THE GOLD BOX PRESENTED TO ADMIRAL VERNON WHEN HE RECEIVED THE FREEDOM OF THE CITY OF LONDON IN 1740.

A gold box presented to Admiral Edward Vernon upon his admission to the freedom of the City of London in 1740 was stolen from the Medal Room of the National Maritime Museum at Greenwich on July 15. On July 16 a youth went into a jeweller's in the Strand to sell a piece of gold which was later identified as part of the stolen box; and, on the following day, a youth who attempted to sell a piece of gold to a jeweller in Whitechapel was questioned and ran away.



REPUTED TO BE THE WORLD'S LARGEST LOG BUILDING AND DESTROYED BY FIRE ON JULY 15: JASPER PARK LODGE ON LAC BEAUVERT, IN THE CANADIAN ROCKIES, AND (ON RIGHT) A NEARER VIEW OF THE BUILDING. These photographs, which are published by courtesy of Canadian National Railways, show Jasper Park Lodge, which was destroyed by fire on the night of July 15. A special train was sent from Edmonton, 225 miles away, to evacuate the 500 guests. A member of the staff of the hotel was Lady Rose Alexander, daughter of Earl Alexander, Minister of Defence, who has been working there between terms at McGill University.



A MAGNIFICENT ADDITION TO THE GALLERIES OF LONDON: THE NEW WELLINGTON MUSEUM.



PRESENTED TO WELLINGTON BY GEORGE IV.: THE DIAMOND-SET BADGE OF THE ORDER OF THE GARTER, ONCE OWNED BY THE GREAT DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH.



CARVED OUT OF MARBLE BY CANOVA: THE NUDE STATUE OF NAPOLEON, WHICH HE DISLIKED, LARGELY BECAUSE THE WINGED VICTORY IS APPARENTLY FLYING AWAY.



PRESENTED BY THE MERCHANTS AND BANKERS OF THE CITY OF LONDON: ONE OF A PAIR OF SILVER STANDARD CANDELABRA (LONDON HALL-MARK FOR 1816-17).



SHOWING THE ORIGINAL WATERLOO BANQUET TABLE (AND CHAIRS), WITH THE PORTUGUESE SERVICE CENTREPIECE: THE WATERLOO GALLERY. THE SIBERIAN PORPHYRY CANDELABRA AT FURTHER END OF THE TABLE WERE PRESENTED BY NICHOLAS I. OF RUSSIA.



THE CENTRAL ORNAMENT OF THE PORTUGUESE SERVICE CENTREPIECE, PRESENTED BY THE PRINCE REGENT OF PORTUGAL: DETAIL SHOWING THE CONTINENTS PAYING TRIBUTE TO WELLINGTON.



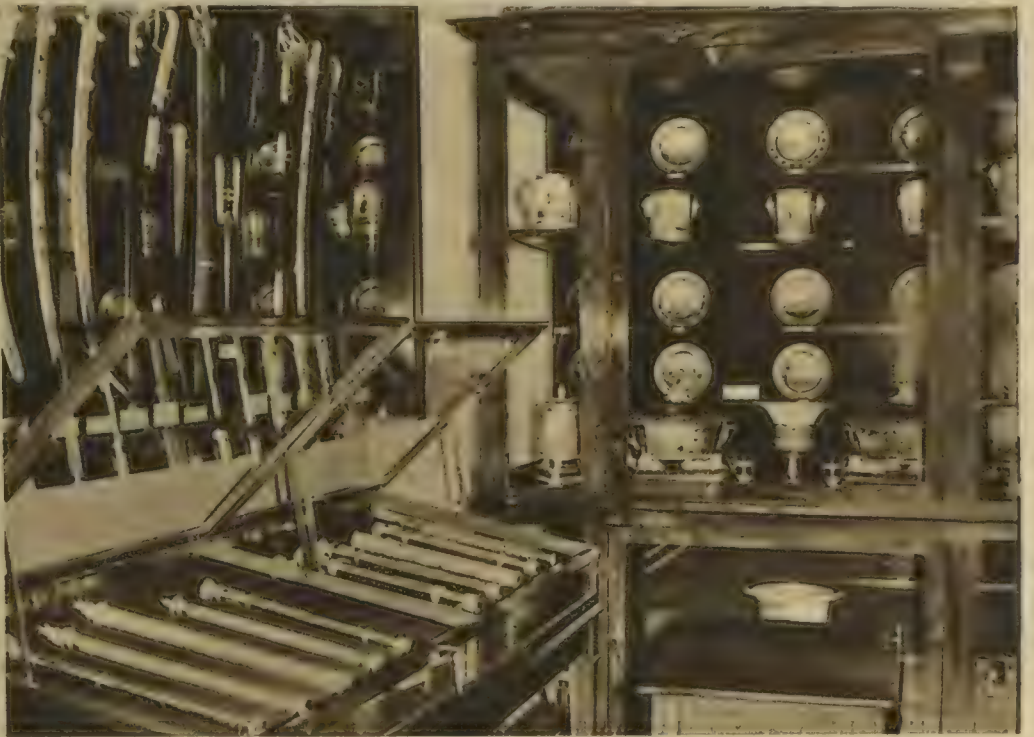
CONTAINING PIECES OF THE ROYAL SÈVRES SERVICE: THE PICCADILLY DRAWING-ROOM, SHOWING THE ADAM DECORATION OF THE CEILING.

LONDON'S new Wellington Museum in Apsley House is a superb addition to our public galleries. In 1947 the present Duke of Wellington (the 7th) offered to the nation Apsley House and much of its artistic and historical contents. The Government gratefully accepted, and now that the Ministry of Works has carried out restoration and repairs, in consultation with Sir Leigh Ashton, director of the Victoria and Albert Museum (under which the Wellington Museum is administered), the results are magnificent. In our issues of June 7 and 14, 1947, we illustrated many of the treasures of the Wellington Collection, and on this and the following page we give views of the house as it now is. The Waterloo Gallery (added by the first Duke in 1828-9) was the scene of the Waterloo banquets from 1830 to 1852, and now looks much as it did on those occasions. The pictures it contains include many of those captured by the Duke at the battle of Vittoria, subsequently presented to him by Ferdinand VII.; as well as the equestrian portrait of him by Goya, painted in Madrid in 1812.

WELLINGTON RELICS—SPLENDID AND INTIMATE: TREASURES OF LONDON'S IRON DUKE MUSEUM.



WITH A VASE FROM THE PRUSSIAN SERVICE OF BERLIN PORCELAIN (c. 1816-19) ON A CONSOLE TABLE: A CORNER OF THE PORTICO ROOM OF THE WELLINGTON MUSEUM, WHICH HAS A FINE ADAM CEILING.



RECALLING WELLINGTON'S MILITARY GLORY: FIELD MARSHAL'S BATONS PRESENTED TO HIM BY CROWNED HEADS OF EUROPE, AND SWORDS, WITH (R.) PIECES FROM THE PRUSSIAN SERVICE OF BERLIN PORCELAIN.

THE Wellington Museum, which opened on July 19, is not only a splendid memorial to a great British soldier, but a lovely mansion in which artistic treasures are beautifully displayed. These include paintings, plate and porcelain presented to the Duke—princely offerings which recall his military glory—as well as intimate relics of the man. Among the last-named is Wellington's dressing-case, complete with his toilet implements and even pills he forgot to take. The Berlin porcelain service was presented by King Frederick William III. of Prussia, the Saxon service by King Frederick Augustus IV. of Saxony, the Waterloo Vase by noblemen and gentlemen to commemorate Waterloo, and the centre-pieces illustrated were gifts of the field officers of the army in Portugal to commemorate Roliça and Vimeiro. Wellington's batons include an ordinary pattern baton of a Field Marshal of England and a gold one; and batons of a Field Marshal of the Russian, Hanoverian, Austrian, Spanish and Portuguese armies.



OF MAHOGANY MOUNTED WITH SILVER: WELLINGTON'S DRESSING-CASE, WITH HIS TOILET IMPLEMENTS, RAZOR, SHAVING AND TOOTH BRUSHES, AND SO FORTH; AND BOXES STILL CONTAINING PILLS.



THE STRIPED DRAWING-ROOM; WITH PIECES FROM THE SAXON SERVICE OF MEISSEN PORCELAIN, PRESENTED BY FREDERICK AUGUSTUS IV., AND THE WATERLOO VASE AND PRESENTATION CENTRE-PIECES IN CASES. THE PAINTINGS INCLUDE PORTRAITS OF NAPOLEON, JOSEPHINE, AND PAULINE BONAPARTE.



TAKEN FROM THE CARRIAGE OF JOSEPH BONAPARTE AFTER THE BATTLE OF VICTORIA, 1813: THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON'S BREAKFAST SERVICE IN A DECORATED CASE.

THE WORLD OF THE CINEMA.

OLIVIER AND OLIVIA.

By ALAN DENT.

A WITTY colleague, inciting his readers to see Sir Laurence Olivier's "masterly exposition" of a man in love in the new film called "Carrie," points out that love on the screen hardly ever rises above one of three elementary categories of sex. These are—says Mr. Majdalany—the stammering schoolboy kind

But all that personal charm and tip-tilted allurements can give to the character is given to it by Miss Jones. The actor called Eddie Albert has been cast by Nature to play the chuckling vulgar salesman who is Carrie's

first stepping-stone—the first man to put her, as Balzac would say, among his furniture—and Mr. Wyler has therefore followed Nature.

But in choosing Sir Laurence for George, he has followed Art as well. It is possible to think that a lesser actor—Clark Gable, for instance—would have been more in the picture, more on a par with not only the other

throws away his honour for the sake of an ambitious little actress in whom he discerns nothing but goodness and light and comfort. It is a touching plight, but it is not a tremendous one like Mark Antony's, who threw away the world for an egg-shell—and Cleopatra. Sir Laurence plays—as I began by saying—with tremendous force and fervour, and his passion is to the regulation film-star's passion what the sun is to a gas-mantle. It burns up George, and it very nearly burns up Carrie as well. But the sheer splendour of the blaze does not prevent us from thinking that a distinctly inferior actor would have been distinctly more like the dazed, dumb, dismayed George of Theodore Dreiser. It is not so much Sir Laurence's fault as that of recent stage-history that we cannot wholly forget or overlook his "triple pillar of the world transformed into a strumpet's fool."

Another superfine player, Edwige Feuillère, is to be seen in this same week engaged in the difficult task of compressing a mighty talent into a vessel not quite adequate. Mlle. Feuillère is seen as the schoolmistress, Mlle. Julie, in "Olivia," who has to quell and redirect the preternatural fondness for her which has sprung up in the breast of a schoolgirl called Olivia. This is a French film made out of the recent anonymous English novel, "Olivia," which received and deserved



A FRENCH FILM MADE OUT OF THE RECENT ANONYMOUS ENGLISH NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME: "OLIVIA"—A SCENE FROM THE FILM SHOWING EDWIGE FEUILLÈRE AS Mlle. JULIE (LEFT), WHO "HAS TO QUELL AND REDIRECT THE PRETERNATURAL FONDNESS FOR HER WHICH HAS SPRUNG UP IN THE BREAST OF A SCHOOLGIRL CALLED OLIVIA" (MARIE-CLAIRE OLIVIA), WHO CAN BE SEEN SEATED (RIGHT) OPPOSITE Mlle. JULIE.

("Gee, honey, I . . . I . . ."), the country club and Bette Davis variety ("Let's be civilised about this thing, Winthrop!"), and the common or garden ape ("I go for you, babe, I go for you big!"). This is a sweeping and devastating assessment, but that it also is a true one only those readers can deny who visit the cinema seldom, or who go only to see the few films I feel moved to recommend cordially upon this page.

The new film is a careful adaptation by William Wyler of Theodore Dreiser's sombre but psychologically sound novel, "Sister Carrie." The Americans deem Dreiser to have been a great novelist. The English, unfamiliar with the modern American way of life he so ploddingly and wordily depicts, consider him too turgid to be ranked with the great ones. But in this particular novel Dreiser was so carried away by the urgency of his tale—that of a delectable little slut who climbs from squalor into stage-stardom over the back of a good man whom she finally kicks headlong into disaster—that his clumsy writing fails for once to clog and bog him, and—what is even more important—fails for once to clog and bog us reading him. (This, by the way, may seem an involved way of describing "Sister Carrie" as a highly readable novel. But then, I have just finished reading it, and the influence of the Dreiser style must be blamed!)

Wyler is a true American in his regard for Dreiser, and his transposition is close and faithful. The episodes of the novel have hardly anywhere been either expanded or contracted, excepting in strict conformity with the conditions of the cinema. And the tension slackens considerably only at the very tail-end when George, now utterly destitute and starving, begs for help from Carrie emerging in great elegance from her stage-door, and receives the dime which is all she happens to have in her handbag. The ironic tang of the novel here is missing from the film, where there is some clumsy business of some supper being ordered and failing to appear as speedily as it should.

Everywhere else the tone of the novel's place and period is admirably conveyed. Jennifer Jones, it is true, does not succeed in giving Carrie the hardness, drive and ambition which are an essential part of her nature. The real Carrie makes us think of quoting Esdras: "Yea, many there be that have run out of their wits for women, and become servants for their sakes. Many also have perished, have erred, and sinned for women. . . . O ye men, how can it be but women should be strong, seeing they do thus?" (If the devil can cite Scripture for his purpose, should not a poor devil of a critic be allowed to cite the Apocrypha?)

characters as played, but with the story as enacted. There is a sense in which the great English actor bursts the frame of the Chicago story and makes it seem quite inadequate for the passion he brings to the first half and the noble despair he brings to the second. George, it is true, is a character of some depth and subtlety. He is a suave and successful restaurant-manager who happens to be married to a rapacious harpy, and who



"A CAREFUL ADAPTATION BY WILLIAM WYLER OF THEODORE DREISER'S SOMBER BUT PSYCHOLOGICALLY SOUND NOVEL": "CARRIE" (PARAMOUNT), SHOWING A SCENE FROM THE FILM IN WHICH GEORGE (LAURENCE OLIVIER) HAS A FINAL SCENE WITH HIS RAPACIOUS HARPY OF A WIFE (MIRIAM HOPKINS) AND TELLS HER THAT HE IS GOING TO LEAVE HER AND FIND HAPPINESS.



"A DISTINCTLY INFERIOR ACTOR WOULD HAVE BEEN DISTINCTLY MORE LIKE THE DAZED, DUMB, DISMAYED GEORGE OF THEODORE DREISER": LAURENCE OLIVIER AS GEORGE IN THE AMERICAN FILM "CARRIE," SHOWING THE SCENE WHEN, UTTERLY DESTITUTE AND STARVING, HE BEGS FOR HELP FROM CARRIE (JENNIFER JONES), WHO IS EMERGING IN GREAT ELEGANCE FROM THE STAGE-DOOR.

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Canada	5 14 0	2 19 0	2 15 0
Elsewhere Aboard	5 18 6	3 1 3	2 17 6

high praise from critics as perceptive as Sir Desmond MacCarthy and Rosamond Lehmann.

The book, indeed, is undeniably more exquisite than the film, a medium in which so dangerously delicate a subject can here and there topple or sidle into the grotesque—as here and there happens. Those French-Victorian schoolgirls unable to run up and down stairs except hand-in-hand and three at a time are too often only too like Mr. Ronald Searle's little beasts at St. Trinian's. But Mlle. Feuillère's elegance and great artistry continuously restore us to gravity—and she has Racine and Lamartine to help her, poets whom she reads to her enraptured pupils in silver-ivory tones which must make even grown men slaves to this Mlle. Julie.

The film's direction is marred by a soppy little waltz-tune which too constantly recurs. But it remains a film to be seen not so much for its own sake as for (a) the presence of a superb actress, and (b) the fact that it will send curious readers to a beautifully written short novel which, quite unlike the film, has the primary quality of being the story of an emotion recollected in the safe tranquillity of fifty years later. Miss Lehmann, by the way, has written of the novel: "I found it absorbing, a small masterpiece; something that, say, Charlotte Brontë might have written in her later years." Truer to say, I think, that "Olivia" is something that Miss Lehmann might have written herself. It is as good as that.

UNDERGOING REPAIRS: THE BREDON TITHE-BARN.



NOW UNDERGOING EXTENSIVE REPAIRS: THE TITHE-BARN, SHOWING THE TILES, WITH THEIR NEW WOODEN PEGS, BEING STACKED READY FOR FITTING ON THE TIMBERS.



RE-TILING. THE FAMOUS TITHE-BARN AT BREDON, WORCESTERSHIRE: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE WORK IN PROGRESS ON THE ROOF.



AN EXAMPLE OF COTSWOLD WORKMANSHIP AT ITS BEST: THE INTERIOR OF THE TITHE-BARN AT BREDON, SHOWING THE STRIPPED ROOF OF ONE OF THE BAYS.

Bredon Tithe-Barn, near Tewkesbury, dates from the Fourteenth Century, is 132 ft. long, and is one of the finest in the country. The barn was given to the National Trust by Mr. G. S. Cottrell, and the Pilgrim Trust gave a substantial grant for the repairs which are now being carried out under the direction of Mr. David Nye, F.I.A.A., L.R.I.B.A. Minor repairs are being carried out to the timbers, but the chief work lies in the complete re-tiling. The tiles are hung on the roof timbers by means of wooden pegs, and many of these pegs were rotten and have had to be replaced. This has involved the stripping of the roof, the fixing of new pegs, and the re-hanging of the original Cotswold tiles. This lovely tithe-barn is naved and aisled by the posts supporting the roof, with two great cart porches and a solar room for the bailiff in charge approached by an external flight of steps. There is an original chimney in untouched condition.

SAXON DOMESTIC LIFE REVEALED AT WYKEHAM.

Excavations above the village of Wykeham, between Scarborough and Pickering, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, have revealed details of the domestic life of pagan Saxon settlers in the sixth or seventh century A.D. Despite the frequency of Anglian burials in the North Riding, solid remains of village life during the Dark Ages are few and far between. Mr. John W. Moore, who discovered the site, says that the excavations are yielding the largest traces of an Anglian village so far encountered in Europe. It is a collection of hut foundations, eight hut floors having been traced. All were partly pebbled and invariably strewn with meat bones. A structure of some perishable material had been built above the floor; large stones suggest at least a timber framework. Most of the finds indicate that the atmosphere of the village was one of peaceful activity. At some unknown date the village was abandoned or overwhelmed.



"IT HAS BEEN POSSIBLE TO RECONSTRUCT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THE TYPE OF FARMHOUSE ERECTED BY OUR DARK AGES ANCESTORS": A SECTIONAL RECONSTRUCTION OF A CIRCULAR ANGLIAN SUNKEN DWELLING AT WYKEHAM, BETWEEN SCARBOROUGH AND PICKERING.



SOLID REMAINS OF VILLAGE LIFE DURING THE DARK AGES: A TWO-ROOMED FARMHOUSE EXCAVATED AT WYKEHAM. THE FLOOR IN THE FOREGROUND YIELDED HEAVY DOMESTIC FINDS AND WAS EVIDENTLY THE LIVING-QUARTERS. NOTE THE LARGE BONES ON THE FLOOR.

NEARLY EXTINCT: THE SURE-FOOTED IBEX
PHOTOGRAPHED IN ITS MOUNTAIN HOME.



NECESSITATING INFINITE PATIENCE, A COOL HEAD AND THE SURE FOOTING OF THE IBEX ITSELF: THE PHOTOGRAPHER SIGHTS HIS QUARRY FROM A PERILOUS PERCH.



AT HOME AMONG THE ROCKY CRAGS OF THE BAVARIAN ALPS: AN IBEX, ONE OF A HERD OF FIFTY IN THE AREA, GAZES DOWN AT THE PHOTOGRAPHER.



A MOUNTAINEER OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM: THE SURE-FOOTED IBEX SEEN ON AN ALMOST INACCESSIBLE PINNACLE OF THE TEUFELSHOERNER, NEAR BERCHTESGADEN.

It was reported on July 17 that preparations for the construction of a hydro-electric works in the Parco Nazionale del Gran Paradiso, in the Graian Alps, in the extreme north-west of Italy, will have to be suspended immediately in accordance with a ruling of the Turin court which has now been upheld by the Supreme Court in Rome. The governing body of the national park had feared that the scheme represented a danger to the existence of a herd of about 1650 ibexes which has been built up from the 400 which remained at the conclusion



A MEMBER OF A RACE WHICH HAS NEARED EXTINCTION IN EUROPE: THE IBEX PHOTOGRAPHED IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS AFTER A PERILOUS CLIMB BY THE PHOTOGRAPHER.

of World War II. It is believed that this is almost the last truly indigenous herd of the Alpine ibex which is now on the verge of becoming extinct. Our photographs on this and the facing page were taken on the almost inaccessible southern slopes of the Teufelshoerner, near Berchtesgaden, in the Bavarian Alps, and represent the fruits of five years spent by Mr. Farber in stalking these very shy animals. There is now a herd of fifty of these animals in the area where once they were numbered in thousands, and it was due to Göring that this remnant

[Continued opposite.]



NOW SADLY DEPLETED IN NUMBERS: THE ALPINE IBEX WHICH ROAMS THE MOUNTAINS WHERE ONLY THE HARDEST MOUNTAINEER WOULD DARE TO FOLLOW, AND RELIES ON ITS AGILITY FOR SAFETY.

Continued. has survived, for he put them under protection between 1935 and 1938, and only after the war were they released from their special enclosure. Unfortunately, not all of them survived in their freedom, and though the herd has increased slowly there have been losses from disease. Although the ibex is a heavy animal

it is very sure-footed and can climb gracefully about on very steep and treacherous slopes. This agility is perhaps its chief means of protection from enemies, and the photographer who would stalk the ibex in its remote fastness must be a mountaineer and a man of endurance.

THE LEGACY OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT'S INVASION OF INDIA:

SUPERB SCULPTURES FROM GANDHĀRA, IN WHICH GREECE AND INDIA MEET IN A STRANGELY BEAUTIFUL AMALGAM.

By F. ST. GEORGE SPENDLOVE, Keeper, Modern European and East Indian Departments, Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology, Toronto.

(With the exception of Fig. 2, the photographs are of objects in the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology.)

THE invasion of north-west India by Alexander the Great, who crossed the Indus in February, 326 B.C., was one of a series of waves of Greek influence spread over several centuries and destined to produce important results. The Kabul Valley was the back door of India, and through it came a long stream of Greek adventurers and soldiers of fortune, seeking to carve out kingdoms for themselves from India's fertile fields. The Indo-Scythians who succeeded the Greeks as rulers of the Kabul Valley kept up trade relations with the Romans, and cultural influences as well as merchandise traversed the trade routes. One of the most permanent records of this strange transplanting of classical culture to a land so alien lies in the sculpture of Gandhāra. This is Buddhist in subject, but contains many evidences of Greek influences recast in a Buddhist mould. It was at one time supposed that those specimens which show the purest classical influence were the earliest in date; it is now known that this was not the case and that it took some centuries for the influences of Hellenic culture to show their full effect upon Indian Buddhist art. In fact, none of the surviving examples of Græco-Buddhist sculpture can be attributed to the period when Greeks ruled in north-west India. The sculpture of Græco-Buddhist character seems to have been first made to

of superhuman beings. This would satisfy the human need for a Saviour to whom one could appeal in person, and for divinities that one could see and touch. Subjects of Gandhāran sculpture cover a moderately wide range. As is natural, the historic Buddha Śākyamuni is often represented, either before enlightenment as Prince Gautama or afterwards as

One criticism of the art of Gandhāra is that of being a "hybrid" art, but there are few arts against which this charge could not be made. The art history of the world is a long record of borrowing. The art of Gandhāra was a purely Buddhist art, and had nothing in common with the religion of Greece and of Rome; the fact that it borrowed methods of representation to express original concepts would seem hardly sufficient to make it a hybrid art; one of those children of mixed parentage supposed to inherit the worst features of both parents. Originality, in fact, is a characteristic of Gandhāran art. One should not suppose that it merely continued an established convention of representing the Buddha; the Indian Buddha figure seems to have first appeared in the early part of the art of Gandhāra. There is no doubt of the previous existence of a prohibition of the representation of the Buddha in any way but by symbol, and a few Gandhāra pieces of this sort are known. It remained for the early sculptors of Gandhāra to do much original work in the creation of types of expression of Buddhas and Bodhisattvas. Gandhāran art seems to have been an original and courageous effort to bring the concept of the Buddha and his teaching of Cosmic Law out of the realm of abstraction and to give it material form.

The psychological interest of Gandhāran sculpture is considerable. The teachings of the Buddha have brought peace and inspiration to a very large number of people, but our knowledge of the Buddhist way of life is not large. Life in Buddhist communities such as the towns of Gandhāra would contain customs and values strange to us. The doctrine of transmigration in particular is so alien to the Occidental mind that it is difficult for us by any mental effort to put ourselves in the place of those who believe in it. King Aśoka (d. 232 B.C.) was in his later years considered to be the perfect pattern of a Buddhist monarch, yet in spite of the mildness of his rule a man might have been very heavily fined for the crime of killing an insect. To the Buddhist this would be

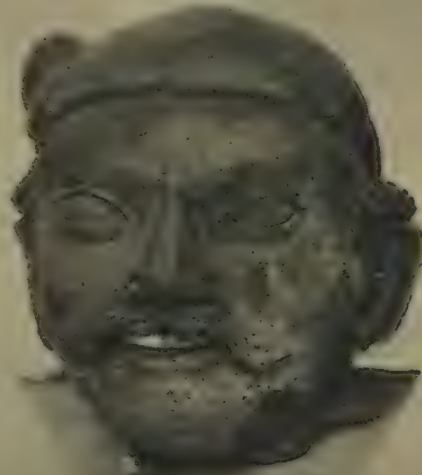
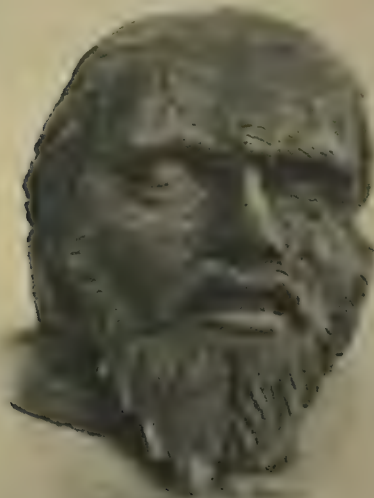


FIG. 1. A "SOCRATES" (LEFT, BELOW), A "SHAKESPEARE" (CENTRE) AND A SMILING "IAGO" (RIGHT) OF GRÆCO-BUDDHIST ART OF ABOUT 1200 YEARS AGO.

Towards the end of his article, beginning on this page, Mr. F. St. George Spendlove refers to the curious development which marks the latest stages of the Græco-Buddhist art of Gandhāra, when the artists began using terra-cotta and, abandoning the classic idealist style, started to produce heads in a style frequently approaching caricature, like these three curious "Shakespearean" examples. Such heads are very rare, but the Royal Ontario Museum, Toronto, in which these are taken, has a good representative collection.

the Buddha; occasionally he is also shown as an ascetic. Scenes from the Buddha legend or from the *Jātakas* (previous lives of the Buddha as narrated by him) were often executed as small stone friezes, probably for votive purposes. Maitreya—the coming Buddha—is also often represented, usually as a prince splendidly dressed.

In the past it has been customary to base one's estimate of the artistic qualities of Gandhāran sculpture upon its many mediocre specimens obviously made for votive purposes, rather than upon its few existing masterpieces. Is it not true that if the same principle were applied to Greek sculpture, and judgment based upon average examples rather than upon exceptional ones, the verdict of posterity might be very different? The time seems to have come for a reevaluation of Gandhāran art from the evidence of



any large extent during the reign of Kanishka, the redoubtable Kushan king of the second century A.D., and in the vicinity of his capital of Purushapura (Peshawar). Kanishka, an Indo-Scythian king who deserves to be better known to history than he is, became converted to Buddhism and devoted himself to the spread of the Law with characteristic energy. Later Kushans were not so distinguished, and the dynasty, after several changes, was replaced by the Guptas, whose mild rule was overwhelmed by the White Hun invasion of the fifth century. The coming of this appalling wave of barbarism probably meant the end of the classic period of Græco-Buddhist art. It was some time before the survivors could rebuild at least a portion of their destroyed Buddhist institutions.

The Græco-Buddhist school has certainly produced a great deal of bad sculpture, and a very little of the best, if one may judge by existing specimens. But as it is customary to judge other arts by their highest achievements and not by their lowest ones, the same principle should be followed here. The purpose of the sculpture was purely religious; the figures were not intended as works of art, but as representations



FIG. 2. IN STRIKING CONTRAST WITH FIG. 1: A GROUP OF THREE GRÆCO-BUDDHIST HEADS IN THE CLASSIC IDEALISING STYLE OF THE BEST PERIOD OF THIS CULTURE. THREE HEADS OF BUDDHA, THE LEFTMOST A MAITREYA—OR BUDDHA-YET-TO-COME: FROM AN EXHIBITION AT THE BERKELEY GALLERIES, DAVIES STREET, W.1.

Readers of Mr. F. St. George Spendlove's article on this page may be interested to learn that a considerable number of fine examples of the Græco-Buddhist sculptures of Gandhāra have been on exhibition at the Berkeley Galleries, Davies Street, W.1, and the three heads above are included in this exhibition. The Gandhāra sculptures are an extraordinary cultural legacy of Alexander the Great's invasion of India and, at their best, are remarkable works of art. The exhibition, which the High Commissioner for Pakistan opened on July 7, closes to-day (July 26).

the finest existing specimens, recognising it as an art inspired by sincerity and devotion which sometimes rose to high levels of attainment.

on the level of murder; the insect might be his grandfather in reduced circumstances!

Such beliefs require the reconsideration of one's entire daily activities and the creation of new standards based upon values which the West considers imaginary. To the follower of Gandhāran Buddhism, of the later period, at least, religion was a reassuring faith; no one was ever defrauded of anything due to him; no one normally missed the result of the slightest good action; yet underlying Divine Justice was Divine Mercy and one could appeal to Avalōkitesvara, the Lord of Mercy, against any calamity however well merited. It would be within the power of the Bodhisattva to use the quality of pure mercy to tip the scale, which otherwise might be heavily weighted by unfavourable *karma*. As Buddhism has never encouraged intellectual curiosity, unspeculative acceptance of religion has usually been the rule. Factors such as these, together with what we know of the rule of the Indo-Scythian kings, enable us to understand the intention of the Gandhāran sculptor and to judge his success in expressing it, both essential to

(Continued opposite.)

Continued.] intelligent criticism. Estimation of Gandhāran sculpture as a type should not be hasty, and should take into consideration religious beliefs and social conditions of the time. The world revealed to us by the study is an attractive one: mild, gentle and yet discriminating; a life illumined by the light of faith and lived in the belief that kindness to the human race was sufficiently rewarded if some human being were helped. It is like passing through a door into a world almost as strange as fairyland; the world shown with such arresting beauty in the Ajanta frescoes. The collection of the Royal Ontario Museum of Archaeology contains several of the most important known specimens of the art of Gandhāra judged from the standpoint of fine sculpture. Chief among these is a colossal head of lime plaster (Fig. 4), possibly that of Avalōkitesvara. All the qualities attributed to the Bodhisattva are expressed in this radiant image: mercy, charity and being by choice the Saviour of Mankind. Divine Mercy has seldom been so convincingly depicted. As the Bodhisattva is a spirit and therefore above human limitations, the image in full face is purely feminine and in profile is strongly masculine. Among the works executed in black schist, the life-size standing Maitreya (Fig. 3) takes a high place. The figure is noble and majestic, and animated by love for humanity. The physical form is strong and manly, and the thin, transparent garments lie in finely rendered folds. The

[Continued below.]



FIG. 3. "NOBLE AND MAJESTIC AND ANIMATED BY LOVE FOR HUMANITY": THE LIFE-SIZE FIGURE IN BLACK SCHIST OF A STANDING MAITREYA, OR BUDDHA-TO-BE.



FIG. 5. A HEAD OF THE BUDDHA IN BLACK SCHIST: SUCH HEADS OFTEN SHOW THE SPIRITUALITY OF THE BUDDHA BY BEING FEMININE IN FULL-FACE AND MALE IN PROFILE.

Continued.] jewellery worn by this figure is interesting and varied, and includes a heavy chain necklace, a brooch-like ornament and heavy gold earrings. A jewelled net is worn over the abundant curly hair, and the bare right shoulder reveals a splendid armlet. Maitreya was a popular subject of the Buddhist sculptor, as it was thought that his coming would regenerate the world. Chosen materials of the Gandhāra sculptor were the blue-black schist, a stone easy to work, and a modelled lime plaster or stucco. The two materials required different talents, for the black schist was cut by a mallet and chisel, while the plaster images, which are generally of later date, were allied in technique to clay modelling. At a still later date in Gandhāran art, about the seventh and eighth centuries, terra-cotta was used. At this time, just before the art sank into its final oblivion, the strict requirements of Buddhist iconography were no longer observed, and the result was a period of very free expression, often of caricature (Fig. 1). Specimens of this late art are rare and little known, but are well represented in the Museum's collection.

WHERE ANCIENT GREEK AND BUDDHIST MET: MASTERPIECES OF GANDHĀRAN SCULPTURE.



FIG. 4. "ALL THE QUALITIES ATTRIBUTED TO THE BODHISATTVA ARE EXPRESSED IN THIS RADIANT IMAGE": A COLOSSAL HEAD IN LIME PLASTER WHICH PERHAPS SHOWS AVALŌKITEŚVARA, THE LORD OF MERCY.



FIG. 6. A FINE SEATED BUDDHA OF THE SECOND-FOURTH CENTURIES B.C. FROM GANDHĀRA: CARVED FROM SCHIST AND WITH IMMENSE COMPETENCE CONVEYING REPOSE, MERCY AND COMPASSION.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

THERE is no need to urge the merit of originality in a creative writer. Its reward is safe; even its simulacrum tends to be rewarded. But it is not a cumulative merit. More than a little of it, one might say, is rather too much; and after that, we pass from the eccentric to the unpartakable. Of course, this point will vary with the reader; and to be frank, for me "The Inmates," by John Cowper Powys (Macdonald; 12s. 6d.), went beyond the line. It is his charm to keep one always verging on the unpartakable; this time, for me, he has crossed over into chaos.

As there was every reason to expect. This time, the setting is a mental home and the guileless hero is a sex-maniac. Curly have been John's undoing; he likes to snip just one from every captivating head, and it would soon have got into the papers. So, as he can't abstain, he has entreated to be certified; he is a most benign, accommodating youth. And here he is at Glint, where, in the circuit of a towering wall and a malicious river, a monstrous vivisection reigns. Dr. Echelus maims, apparently, for pure enjoyment—as becomes a scientist. One of his minions, Gewlie, has the same taste, and lives to terrify the patients. In short, the mad are no whit madder than their keepers, only more agreeable. Yet in this giant rat-trap of an institution, John has a stroke of luck. He falls in love, at sight and for eternity, with Tenna Sheer (short for Antenna), whose fad is murdering old men. Not that she ever has; but she has tried it with a bumptious parent, and the passion lingers. But John says they must both resist. Meanwhile, he plans escape for all—literal flight *en masse*, in a "titanic helicopter," on Midsummer Day. According to the jacket, this conspiracy makes up the plot. But really there is nothing so cohesive. The great escape provides, not a development, but an explosion—one final, all-dissolving scene, with a mysterious "Morsimmon Esty" in the leading part. Left to ourselves we should be foxed by this uncovenanted stranger, but in the author's foreword there is light. "The personage," he there informs us, "who appears at the end . . . is a Lama from Thibet visiting this country in his escape from the Communists."

In other words, it is all nonsense, and designed as such; and one need only ask if it is precious nonsense. The author says, again: "What I've tried to do in this tale is to invent a group of really mad people who have the fantastic and grotesquely humorous extravagance that, after all, is an element in life." And so his figures are named Gum and Glue, and Rumpibus, and Cogent Cuddle, and the like *facetiæ*. Alas, I felt no glee. I don't feel they are *really* anything. I don't believe in a "Philosophy of the Demented." . . . It is not my book.

And yet "The Nightingale," by Richard Church (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.), puts one in some conceit with an imaginative rankness; it is so trim, and almost ladylike in spirit. Partly, no doubt, because the central characters are girls. Their ailing, ineffectual mother has just died, but they should hardly feel it as a difference. Even before, Priscilla ruled the house, and ran her sister's life, and now her one idea is to go on. Priscilla is a neat little domestic tyrant: Milly an unformed, loving and submissive child, with a neglected treasure in her voice. Meekly she goes to business college, and believes it wise—because it is Priscilla's choice for her. There is no grudge or question in her mind; yet on their mother's death she feels a stirring, as of wider airs. She makes a friend, too, of her own. . . . And yet if that were all, nothing would come of it at last; the brown bird would be mute for ever.

But a more violent influence is near. Before the war, their father had a German colleague named Terenius. He was a guest once in the house; he gave the little one a toy piano, and he made her sing. Milly was only five, but she has not forgotten. Now he has come again, thoroughly welcome to the father as a business aide, hateful and suspect to Priscilla—but to the unfledged girl a miracle and a divine protector. He transforms all three, and sets them spinning upon novel courses. This mountain-like, impelling German is a queer event, in such a feminine environment (almost unbroken by the father, who is prim and dim). In fact, he seems too massive to be true. The tale is exquisite in care and finish, rather dramatic at the end—yet somehow rather nice and spinsterish.

"Aunt Clara," by Noel Streatfeild (Collins; 10s. 6d.), although a woman's story of an old maid, has not that stamp at all. Simon, an unconverted rip, is on his last legs, and much beset by covetous relations. They have no tact, and Simon has no proper feeling, but they peg away. All but his old-maid niece, "Aunt Clara," to the tribe, who is an innocent at sixty-two. Good works and family demands have been her portion, and she beams content. She thinks quite guilelessly of Uncle Simon as a dear old man. She never thinks about his leavings. . . .

But they are all for her: greyhounds and licensed premises and "Gambler's Luck," a certain "sociable" house. She is to care for all, to keep an eye on his "putative children" (who are circus artists) and to preserve the sociable round. This is the aged reprobate's idea of fun. But Clara never sees it as a joke; and though much harassed by her charge, she manages it like an angel. Not very plausible readable.

"Death at Pyford Hall," by Douglas Fisher (Hodder and Stoughton; 10s. 6d.), brings back those rustic sleuths, Jeff Telford and his outsize Ma. The sleuth is travelling abroad, and lets the Hall *pro tem.* to some American acquaintances—old Mr. Comstock, a psychiatrist named Radley, and Radley's daughter Belle, who is, of course, a peach. So Jeff, inevitably, makes a bee-line. The tenants' great demand is to be private. Instead of which, the Hall becomes a target for persistent snoopers, including one dire female with a camera, who chases Jeff as hard as he is chasing Belle. Not till a later stage, when all is thoroughly confounded, do we reach the corpse. Jeff is not quite as funny as he thinks, nor is his Ma; so I was rather glad when they got down to it. But still they are a jolly pair, and give one a good run in an unusual setting.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

THAT cricket is my second love among games many readers will surely have gathered by now. How nice it was to find my esteemed colleague E. D. O'Brien devoting his whole column to cricket books recently!

Somebody once remarked that the perfect wife was, to her husband, every woman. Similarly chess and cricket, so contrasted in many ways, seem to me to resemble each other in a marvellous variety which makes each every game in one. Each is Protean in its forms. Contrast the delicious agony of trying to get a good side out, under a merciless sun, on a lifeless, unresponsive pitch, with the pleasure of seeing wickets tumble when the ball almost seems to be endowed with life and speech! Or the tense endlessness of a defensive struggle for a draw, with the flashing catch which ends all that struggle in a moment.

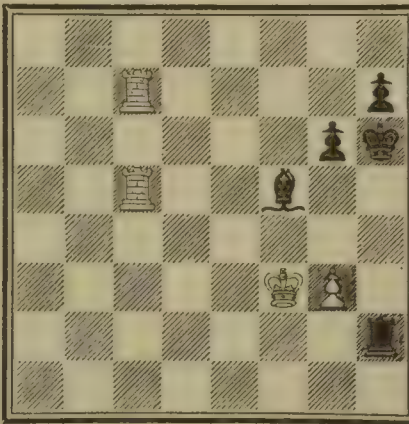
Wander into a chess congress, and you may find one pair of opponents engaged in a wild sacrificial *mêlée*, whereas on the next board is a war of attrition, in which one player is laboriously striving to queen his last pawn. The disappearance of the queens in a simple exchange may change the character of the game as radically as if the players switched from draughts to cards.

Cover the foot of this article and play the moves:

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
1. P-K4	P-K4	5. Castles	P-QKt4
2. Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	6. B-Kt3	B-K2
3. B-Kt5	P-QR3	7. P-Q4	
4. B-R4	Kt-KB3		

Now, remarks Paul Keres in his monumental book on the openings (of which the first two volumes exceed 500 packed pages, with more to come!): "Black should not play 7. . . QKt×P because of 8. B×Pch! K×B; 9. Kt×Pch, followed by Q×Kt" and, though White is not ahead in material, he has made Black move his king and forgo the right to castle for the duration of the game.

But White has a far better eighth move, which nets him at least a piece. Can you find it?



All that was on a full board. Here is as witty a bit of play on an almost empty one. All seems set for a draw; but White can win. How?

The opening: 8. Kt×Kt, P×Kt; 9. P-K5! Kt-K5 or Kt-Kt; 10. Q-B3, threatening both mate by Q×P, and an unsupported knight or rook.

The end game: 11. P-Kt4, R-R6ch (if 1. . . B-Q6; 2. P-Kt5ch, K-R4; 3. R×P mate); 2. K-B4, R-R5; 3. R×B!! P×R; 4. K×P and Black is helpless against the threat of P-Kt5ch, etc.

to the surprise of all or solid, but extremely

K. JOHN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"OBJECTIVE LIGHT" ON OUR GRANDFATHERS.

"IT is," as Mr. Quentin Bell says in his foreword to "Those Impossible English" (Weidenfeld and Nicolson; 25s.), "easy to raise a cheap laugh at the expense of our forefathers and to exploit the fact that those social regulations which we no longer respect always appear somewhat ridiculous." It is indeed. In the single course of a generation the family album becomes a matter of joy to the children of the parents who first started it. Mr. Helmut Gernsheim, who (with Alison Gernsheim) provides the remarkable selection of photographs which form the most interesting part of this book, has admirably succeeded in tickling our sense of humour. Our Victorian ancestors do indeed look as absurd as those of our contemporaries who are shown wearing the impossible female fashions of 1928. All this, although it has now been done several times before, is good fun, and can

do no more than cause a little innocent laughter. But reading Mr. Bell's foreword, I observe that the book has a Purpose. It is to flog what Mr. Bell evidently regards as both dead and a donkey—the idea of a "gentleman." Not that he proclaims his purpose because, as he specifically says, "in these pages I have tried to remain as objective and as uncritical as the photographs that are before you." If he tried, he evidently did not try very hard. The book's "blurb" says that there are probably "few writers who can so well sum up the spirit of an age as Quentin Bell." On that showing one might well maintain that there are few politicians who are so well qualified to give an objective study of Socialism as Mr. Winston Churchill or a disinterested analysis of the principles of Conservatism as Mr. Aneurin Bevan. As a good propagandist who has evidently "lectured to Left Book Clubs or Fabian Societies," Mr. Bell has grasped the first principle of successful propaganda, which is to proceed from a selected particular to a desired general. Thus, if you wish, say, to condemn the *ancien régime* in France, you seize on some petty aspect of tyranny and having shown it to your readers, then exclaim: "And now you see what they were like!" For example, from the abominable behaviour of Lord Ernest Vane Tempest towards the lessee of the Windsor Theatre in 1855—a story which Mr. Bell says "is unpleasant, but it is not uninteresting"—you are left to infer that every young man who held a commission in the Guards during the Victorian Era was a bouncer, a cad and a bully. Reluctantly, Mr. Bell has to admit that "it must be said that during the past hundred years a great many members of the English upper class have given their lives to useful ends. Some have devoted themselves to agriculture, or to industry, others to religion or to politics." But that is as far as he can go. The nobility of great aristocratic Tory reformers such as Shaftesbury; the fact that under Queen Victoria and her Ministers we were on the whole "godly and quietly governed"; that there was for so long the admirable and disinterested administration by devoted gentlemen of the "Queen's peace" in circumstances of immense danger and discomfort over an area of the globe; the fact that the English gentleman, for all his shortcomings, was a kindly ruler, so that in the future people may look back to the Pax Britannica with the same nostalgic affection which former Hapsburg subjects now on the wrong side of the Iron Curtain may recall the gentle, incompetent "tyranny" of the Dual Monarchy; all this and much else means nothing to him.

I give Mr. Bell this. His style is as clear, as amusing and as stringent as his propaganda is distasteful. No style could be in greater contrast to his than that of Mr. Sacheverell Sitwell, whose latest, queerly attractive instalment of "autobiography which isn't" appears as "Cupid and the Jacaranda" (Macmillan; 24s.). For Mr. Sitwell's style is as baroque as the Sicilian and Spanish palaces he loves—its essential austerity of line concealed under the allusiveness of its decoration. When I read in a book by Mr. Sitwell a description of a place I do not know, it immediately inspires me with a wish to visit it and to find out what Mr. Sitwell is getting at. If, on the other hand, he writes of a place I know (as, for example, in this book the great Mosque at Cordoba), I find myself saying: "Ah! Yes, precisely, who else could have put it so exactly." Thus one wanders (which is the only way of describing it) through Mr. Sitwell's works in an alternation of delighted recognition or wild Ronald Firbankesque surmise, and "Cupid and the Jacaranda" is no exception. Alas! though, Mr. Sitwell is a cultivated and much-travelled gentleman almost (I should think) totally unfitted for a seat on a board of nationalised industry and therefore, I suppose, it is reprehensible and reactionary of me to take such pleasure in this latest most engaging volume. However, these things are a matter of taste and the difficulty of defining intellectual pleasures is nowhere better recognised than by Messrs. Herbert Read and Bonamy Dobrée in their foreword to "The London Book of English Verse" (Eyre and Spottiswoode; 15s.). That there is a need for this comprehensive anthology is shown by the fact that Palgrave's "Golden Treasury" was published in 1861, and the "Oxford Book of English Verse" in 1900. As the anthropologists point out, in the interval a new literary generation has come into being whose values cannot be the same. The book is divided into sections dealing with "narrative poetry," "songs and incantations," "the poetry of sentiment," and

so on, to satirical verse. I would not, for all its 680-odd poems consider it a comprehensive anthology (a volume which contains no line of Chesterton or Rupert Brooke and only three poems by T. S. Eliot, could scarcely claim to be). But in compensation it provides much that is little known and delightful. In short, I would describe it as the perfect supplement to the two famous older anthologies.

Until I read "A Handbook of Crocus and Colchicum for Gardeners," by E. A. Bowles (Bodley Head; 30s.), I had no idea of the origin of the name of the present Chancellor of the Exchequer's constituency, Saffron Walden. Mr. Bowles, in this book, which must surely be the definitive volume for those gardeners who have a special love for crocuses, reveals that the variety *Crocus sativus*, the crocus of the ancient world, which provided saffron, was once largely grown at Saffron Walden. This is only one of the many interesting things to be found in this comprehensive and attractively illustrated book.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

KEENE—ADMIRER BY CONNOISSEUR AND PHILISTINE: A LONDON SHOW.



"MAN ASLEEP IN A CHAIR"; BY CHARLES KEENE (1823-1891). PEN AND BROWN INK. (7½ by 6 ins.) (Museum and Art Gallery of Western Australia.)



"DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI" (1828-1882), THE POET AND PAINTER, ONE OF THE ORIGINAL PRE-RAPHAELITE "BROTHERHOOD." CHARCOAL. (5½ by 4½ ins.) (The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)



"THE QUILTED PETTICOAT." PEN AND BROWN INK ON BLUE PAPER (FADED). (6½ by 3½ ins.) (The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)



"STUBBLE FIELD WITH THE RUINS OF DUNWICH ABBEY." PEN AND BROWN INKS. (5 by 7 ins.) (The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford.)



"SELF-STUDY OVER A MAN IN A HAT." BROWN INKS. THE VERSO OF THE "STUBBLE FIELD WITH THE RUINS OF DUNWICH ABBEY" REPRODUCED ON THE LEFT.



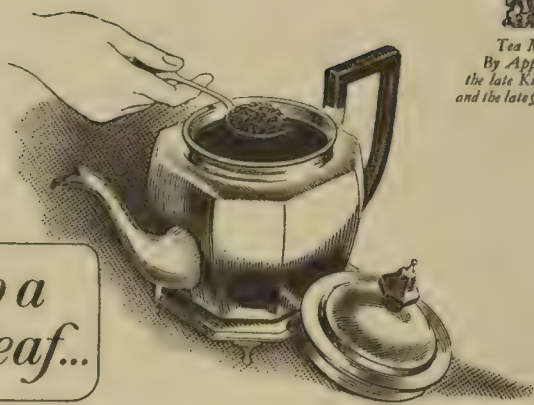
"STUDY OF A GIRL SEATED IN PROFILE." PEN AND BROWN INK. STAMPED WITH THE MONOGRAM CK. STUDY FOR THE DRAWING "HOME EXERCISE." (4½ by 4½ ins.) (Mr. Kenneth Bird.)



"INTERIOR, PROBABLY OF EDWARD FITZGERALD'S HOUSE AT WOODBRIDGE." STAMPED WITH THE MONOGRAM CK. PEN AND BROWN INK. (6 by 9½ ins.) (National Gallery of Victoria, Melbourne.)

An exhibition of drawings by Charles Keene (1823-1891), previously shown at Aldeburgh Festival, recently opened at the Arts Council Gallery in St. James's Square, and will remain there until August 9. On August 16 it will open at the Bristol City Art Gallery and continue until September 16. "There has always been something paradoxical about Charles Keene's work and reputation," writes Sir Kenneth Clark in the foreword to the catalogue, and continues: "The favourite humorous artist of the Philistines, he was admired by the most discriminating

of his colleagues. In his lifetime he was practically the only English artist to be taken seriously by those painters on the Continent whom we take seriously to-day." An illustrator and regular member of the *Punch* staff, he was also a sensitive landscape artist, with "a nice sense of elegance" and a delight in the revelation of the characters of his sitters. The present loan exhibition would appear to be the first of any importance devoted to him for over half a century. The drawings on view have been selected by Sir Kenneth Clark, and are all of high quality.



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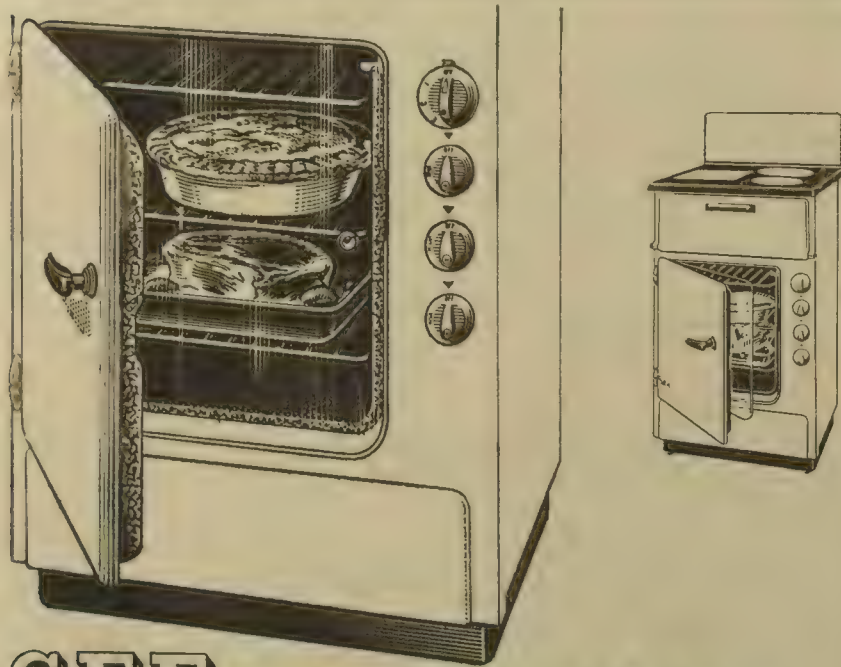
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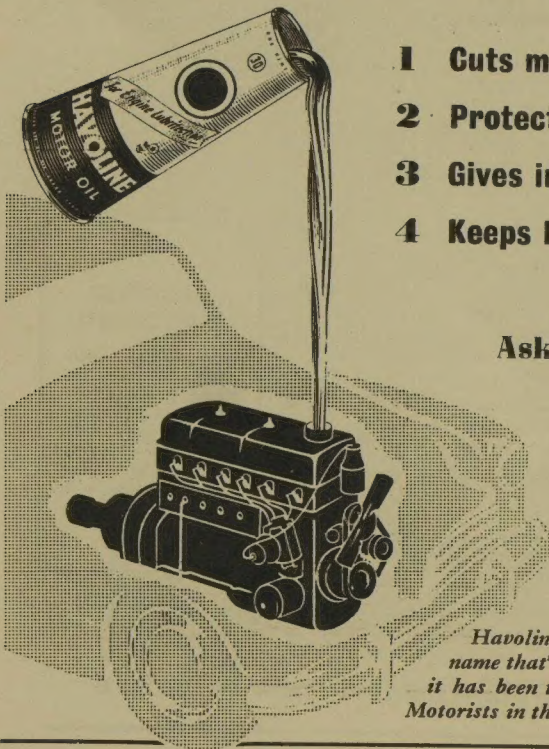
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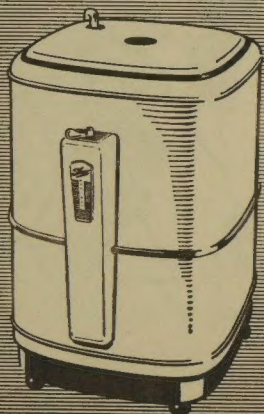
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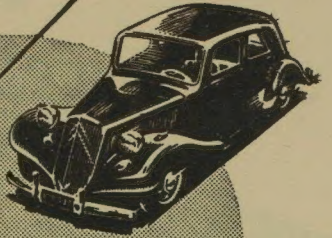
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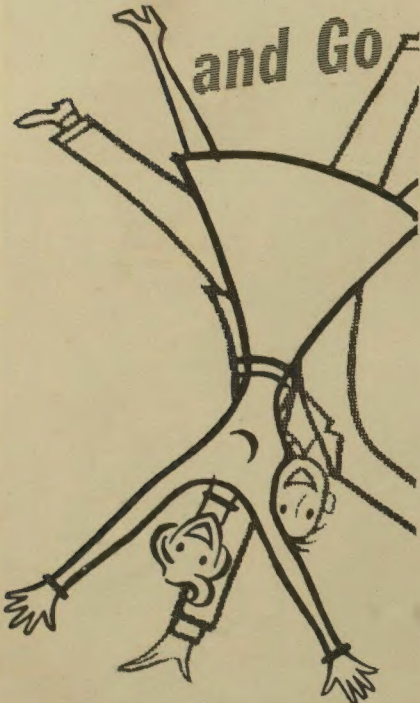
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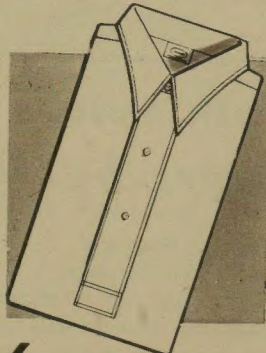


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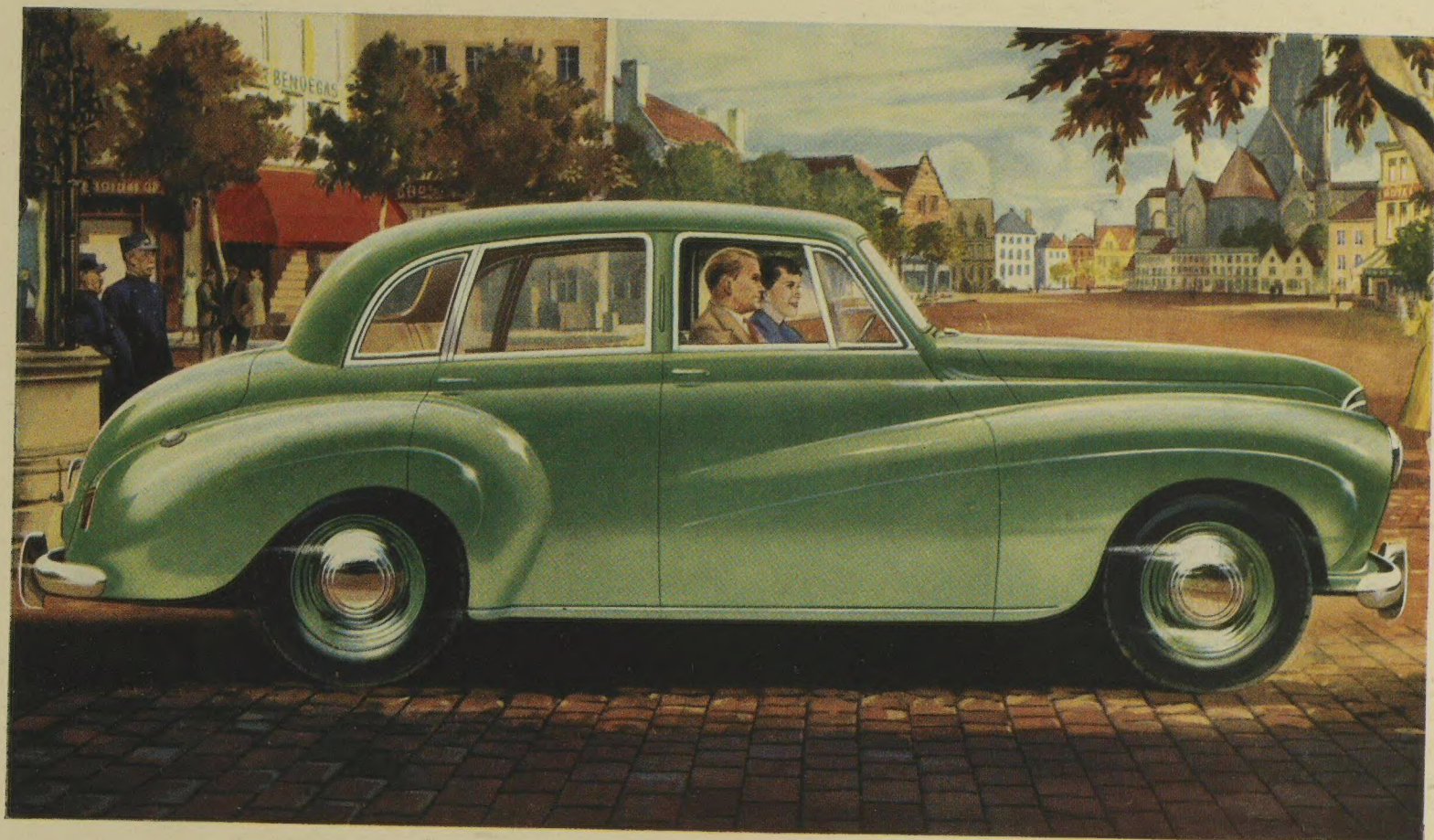
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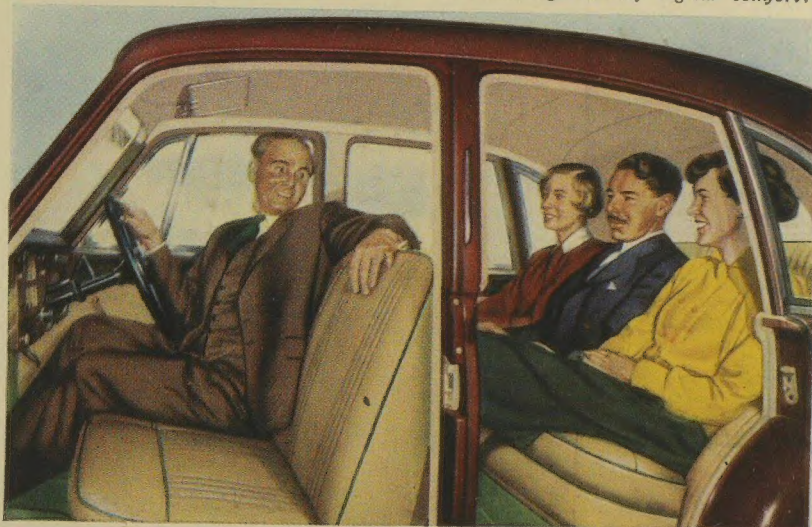
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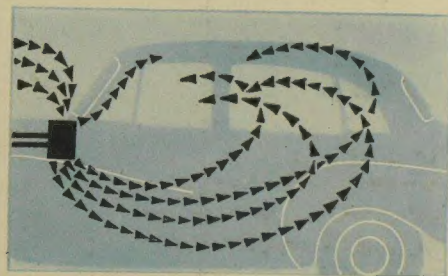
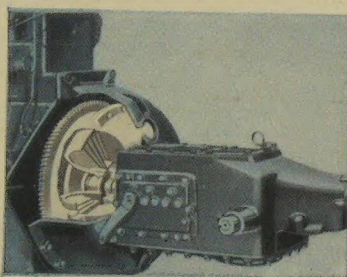
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